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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Most of the genuine information that has come from the Far East has been connected with last week's defeat of the Russians at Telissu; and everything goes to prove that once again the superior precision of the Japanese artillery and quick-firing guns was mostly responsible for the extent of the slaughter. Of the general Japanese movement north we have a very full account from General Kuropatkin, who wisely gives no hint of any Russian counter-move. General Oku who rested his troops before pursuing General Stackelberg is now within some twenty miles of Kaiping. General Kuroki has for the moment arrested his advance with the result that the two armies are brought into line over a front of about 250 miles and are in a position to outflank any force which should attempt to hold a defensive position on the road to Liao-yong. The uniting of the two armies has been marked by the appointment of General Oyama as commander-in-chief of the Manchurian forces. There is no news from Port Arthur. It will probably be left unattempted by serious attacks till the approaching rainy season prevents extensive land operations. Admiral Skrydloff's raid from Vladivostok was even more successful than the first accounts suggested. His liberty of action makes it the more remarkable that no attempt was made earlier to join the rest of the fleet.

In his account of the battle of Wa-fang-kau (Telissu,) General Stackelberg sums up the casualties, which refer only to "some of the regiments", as 3,205. The details he gives are remarkable as showing an extreme proportion of officers—as large as the proportion of Turkish officers at the beginning of the Russo-Turkish war—and there is no doubt that the picking out of officers is a deliberate part of Japanese tactics. There must always be occasions on which officers have to make themselves conspicuous both in advance and retreat; but it was the experience of the Boer war that where the calibre of the men is high enough to make personal encouragement unnecessary the distinction of officers in uniform and position may under the newer conditions be fatal to success. General Symons, in the

first battle of the war, courted death. Only a miracle could have saved him; and this terrible proportion of deaths among Russian officers will suggest an alteration in the established order of a battlefield.

The visit of the King to the Kaiser was originally proposed for April but the orders of the Kaiser's doctors caused a postponement. What a misfortune for the critics of international politics that the meeting did not take place at the first date proposed! It would have just coincided with the Anglo-French agreement and the putting of the two together would have provided an unrivalled occasion for inference. The German Government has agreed to all the parts of the Anglo-French agreement concerning Germany; but such complacency does not check the general tendency to argue that our friendship with one nation entails a proportionate subtraction from the friendship with others and that the Kaiser will try to get back what he has lost. The idea is of course foolish. Are the King and Kaiser to break a long and pleasant relationship for no better reason than that we have recently made an arrangement, in some features by no means to our advantage, with the French?

The work of the Convention which met at Chicago on Tuesday to adopt the resolutions framed by the Republican party did not wholly represent a victory for President Roosevelt. He was of course appointed Republican representative and his success is not improbable; but the election of Senator Fairbanks as Vice-President, on whose selection the New York delegates insisted, was against his precise wish; and the most important resolutions contain such qualification of his principles as amount to a contrary proposition. The policy of reciprocity is granted only where "reciprocal arrangements can be effected consistent with the principles of protection, without injury to American agriculture, American labour or any American industry"; and the qualification is certainly wide enough to back any beet-sugar minority in refusing preferential treatment to poor liberated Cuba. The duty of protection has never been more explicitly put and the concession to the revisionists of whom President Roosevelt is the chief are both minute and vague. "Protection" says the resolution "which guards and develops our industries is the cardinal policy of the Republican party". It is added, "the measure of protection should always be at least equal to the difference in cost of production at home and abroad". Here in England, alluded to in the

resolution as "the only free trade country among the great nations", we grow horrified at a shilling a quarter on corn.

The first batch of Chinese labourers have landed in South Africa. The Opposition is delighted that they were received by policemen and that the prints of their fingers were taken on wax. These are accepted as symptoms of the slavery which Mr. Lyttelton has been called on to deny whenever opportunity of a question in the House was given. The temporary reduction of the minimum wage from 45s. to 36s. is greeted as an additional ground of pity for these poor people. The Chinamen themselves, whose first appearance corroborates the belief of those who know the Chinaman in his respectable qualities as a citizen, appear delighted with their prospects. A minimum wage greatly in advance of the maximum to which they are accustomed has not yet appeared to their untutored understanding as an especial grievance. The question of the introduction of disease is no doubt a serious one. But the medical arrangements have been thorough and the outbreak of beri-beri on which the House was urged to adjourn is not a serious menace. The disease is not endemic in the South African climate.

The rights of the protest made by Sir Charles Eliot on resigning the governorship of the East Africa Protectorate have yet to be threshed out; and Mr. Balfour has promised the publishing of the correspondence. But the manner of the resignation is its own condemnation. A governor may resign when he sees himself about to be the agent of a policy of which he feels an essential disapproval. But he has no right to refuse to carry out instructions, and his brusque telegram demanding an instant inquiry into the causes of his resignation shows curiously bad taste in a man who whatever his failings has had a fine diplomatic training in Russia and Morocco and has done good work. On the face of things Lord Lansdowne's grant of 500 acres of land to a trading company in East Africa was natural and likely to be of service to the country. The proposed plantation of Zionist Jews and the restrictions put upon private colonists are more open to dispute. But the whole question will be threshed out when Sir Charles Eliot returns. Sir Donald Stewart has been appointed in his stead.

Lord Dundonald's fuller statement of his position emphasises in every point the folly, long realised in Toronto, of making military efficiency subordinate to political influence. "Spoils to the victors" is a recognised principle of Canadian politics; and though the government of Canada is in many ways admirable and at all points compares favourably with United States politics, the unfettered power of privilege granted to local politicians has established a corrupt custom of reward, which extends to military affairs. Lord Dundonald did not make his protest on a single case. Every one of his predecessors has felt the friction of civil interference, and more than one of them has been privately if not publicly censured for want of tact because he has fretted against the system. To Lord Dundonald belongs the thanks that are due to all people who insist on a plain issue; and it is difficult to get a plain issue acknowledged unless there is some parade of personality.

The political editing of his report of the Militia which especially vexed Lord Dundonald's sense of fitness may be put down indirectly to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's personal dislike of warlike preparation. He has adopted as his philosophic motto the sentiment that if you wish for peace you must refuse to defend yourself; and Lord Dundonald's bald statement of belief that the Canadian Militia, hampered by civilian opposition at every turn, was no real protection to the country, did not square with this creed. There is no suggestion that Lord Dundonald exceeded the bounds of his authority or attempted to deal with any but the technical side of his business. If politicians are to be allowed to curtail and qualify military reports and to make and to annul appointments of officers, it is impossible that Canada shall train a militia capable of defending national

existence or even available as an answer to American bluff in a crisis.

Lord Donoughmore told us in the army debate that a "small start" had been made in giving effect to the recommendations of the Esher Committee by the appointment of three additional brigadiers to the Aldershot command. But this has no connexion with the recommendations of the Committee, although it is true that they alluded to Aldershot army corps. The new appointments merely carry out one of the cardinal principles of the Army Corps scheme. That system demanded the organisation of three army corps ready for service abroad, and manned by the generals and staff with whom they would take the field. From motives of economy the divisional commanders at Aldershot have hitherto been also brigadiers, separate brigadiers taking their places during the summer months. Now at last the proposals of the army corps have been carried out at Aldershot as originally intended, and credit for this is given to the committee of three!

We cordially agree with Lord Lansdowne in describing the picture drawn by the Esher Committee of the financial officials at the War Office as a "distorted one". As he truly remarks, it by no means follows that because a military officer has won great renown in the field he is necessarily a good administrator; and it is notorious that some of our best known soldiers have not what is popularly known as the "financial eye". But in a department where finance plays so important a rôle it is essential that an independent body should exercise financial control and criticise fully the financial aspect of the often wild schemes which are put forward for the War Secretary's approval. Moreover, as Lord Lansdowne remarks, it is much better that this should be done in the first instance by the financial branch at the War Office than by an unsympathetic Treasury, which is the alternative. The latter officials—who after all in the issue must under any system be the real rulers of the army—are much more likely to look favourably on proposals which have passed the independent critics at the War Office, who are now regarded as an outpost of the Treasury, than if they were only passed by financial critics under the thumb of the military authorities.

We observed with sympathetic amusement the embarrassment confessed to by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Donoughmore, when they tried to construe certain of the sentences in the Esher report. The Duke of Bedford had expressed his difficulty before them and not inaptly likened the rhythm of some of the sentences to those of a certain creed. There the likeness ended; for while the creed is the nearest possible to precise expression of unfathomable mysteries, the report is the verbal obscuration of the plainest of plain conceits. In the meantime, rumours are flying about, almost too thick to spring from nothing, of division in the Cabinet and confusion at the War Office. Suppose, after all, the jettisoned Army Corps system should be found to be best; and suppose it were precisely the military men who had rebelled at the Esher recommendations? What searching of hearts! What hurrying to and fro!

The scene which rose in the House of Commons on Wednesday, when Dr. Hutchinson a Nationalist M.P. was not allowed by Mr. Lowther, the Deputy Speaker, to ventilate his views on beri-beri because Mr. Macdona had a blocking motion on the paper, leaves us cool. We observed it even left the Printing House Square leader-writer cool. He contented himself with a few sledge-hammer blows of his light banter. As a rule after a little Opposition diversion of this kind he adds one more to the long list of Liberal M.P.'s whom he has smashed in his time. (The lively corpses of politicians destroyed by this leader-writer, by the way, recall to one what the Duke of Wellington once said about newspaper attacks never hurting anybody.) Of course if Dr. Hutchinson has expert information on beri-beri, it is unfortunate that the public should be deprived of it simply because Mr. Macdona has—by a fluke—played so effectually the Ministerial game

of pushing on business with all despatch. It is quite well known that these comprehensive blocking motions are often set on the paper by private members in order to oblige Ministers. It is equally well known that motions of adjournment are made or attempted for the purpose of disobliging Ministers. Both are obstructionist, the blocking motion perhaps the more nakedly and the more often of the two—but then the design of the blocker is to obstruct the obstructionist.

When Oppositions agree never to obstruct Governments by motions of adjournment, Governments will no doubt agree never to obstruct Oppositions by encouraging their followers to set on the paper blocking motions. We don't think they will do it before then. Mr. Redmond in his remarks on the subject dwelt on the "obscurity" of the blocker as though this were an argument against the custom. Mr. Macdonald obscure? But, in any case, what has obscurity to do with the ethics of the blocking motion? Does Mr. Redmond consider that only M.P.s of importance equal to his own are entitled to set down on the paper a motion of the kind? If so the custom is indeed doomed.

In the House of Lords on the previous evening the danger of beri-beri spreading among the mine-workers of South Africa was touched upon by the Marquess of Ripon in the debate on Chinese labour raised by Lord Coleridge; but no heat was engendered there. Far from courting a long debate on the subject, several of the speakers were inclined to apologise for keeping the House sitting so deep into the night—it did not rise till 7.45 P.M. At 6.30 the Duke of Marlborough gave the alarm by speaking of this "late hour": at 7.20 Lord Carrington emphasised this by remarking "the night is far spent": whilst a quarter of an hour later, Lord Ripon impressed on the House that the hour was "untoward". Whereupon Lord Coleridge's motion was swiftly negatived, nobody thought of a division, and the House instantly afterwards rose. It is doubtful whether obstruction can be killed in the House of Commons whilst there are so many members there who do not dress for dinner.

The discussion of the several clauses of the Finance Bill should convince Mr. Austen Chamberlain—who was pointed out during the course of it as a fine example of the excellent effect of tobacco on the rising generation—that his Budget has few vulnerable points. The debates were dragged out partly because the Opposition was in that mood, partly because supporters of the Government allowed their disinterest in the discussion to leave a minority in the House, and several dull speakers had to draw out their dullness till the majority could be fetched. A quotation in full of Calverley's Ode to Tobacco would have been more appropriate and amusing than much that was said. Mr. Labouchere—one of those who has not had "his goose cooked by tobacco-juice"—was almost lyric on the value of tobacco, and Mr. Redmond quite elegiac on the hardship of the tea tax to Irish families; but of criticism, destructive or formative, the debate was empty. It is an amusing instance of ingenuity in twisting morals to the right application that the dwindling of the Government majority to 32 on the question of tobacco duties is held as a proof of the wide suspicion of Protection.

The country must make the best it can of the new member for Devonport. Such a candidate's success is certainly ominous. Though Sir John Jackson his opponent was a strong candidate, the previous Unionist majority of twenty-eight was converted into a minority of over a thousand. The turn over is a good example of the common habit of dock constituencies, which like the maritime population that dwell in the Piræus excel the rest in desire for some new thing. Trade is not particularly prosperous, and though they would be wiser to take this as a symptom of need for a change in fiscal arrangements, they are much more likely to put it down to those who direct the finance of the country for the moment. The Government has done foolish things, but the common

idea that it has been foolishly spendthrift hits no truth. To take a single instance, last week's grant to the Board of Trade was scarcely a third of the sum allotted to the Prussian Ministry of Commerce and Industry.

The affair of the Chartreux million would make good prison reading for Madame Humbert. It is as shadowy an affair as her own; and the Commission of Inquiry now sitting in Paris has not yet discovered much substance. However, not even the "animal that was extremely rare" caused a prettier fight in the society upon the Stanislaus than this million which M. Lagrave did or did not offer the Government on behalf of the Chartreux monks by way of a bribe to M. Edgar Combes. M. Millerand said one thing, M. Combes and his son Edgar another; and with an admirable sense of the sporting spirit the Commission decided to confront the witnesses at once. Unfortunately the Combes party, in fear for their representatives, père et fils, protested. Someone shouted "Bandit!" The insult was at once blotted out with a missile ink-pot, and for ten minutes a very pretty fight ensued. On the next day the enterprising journalist who first gave the information repeated his tale. But he refused to give proofs except before a court of law. The said proofs he added were locked up in an iron safe. How Madame Humbert, if she reads the papers, must enjoy this corroborative touch. Is not imitation flattery?

The company which had the honour of bearing the name Paul Boyer (Limited) certainly brought grief to many confiding shareholders, Sir William Broadbent amongst the rest, but it was an exaggerated description of it to say as Mr. Justice Grantham did that the South Sea Bubble was not in it. But that is so like Mr. Justice Grantham. M. Paul Boyer had a photographic business, and he was as skilful in manipulating accounts as in handling negatives. Certain English people became his dupes and were persuaded to join a company to buy the business. Lord Dunmore and Count Max Hollender invested money and were made directors, and Sir William Broadbent was persuaded to accept responsibility by underwriting five hundred shares on condition that eight thousand were underwritten by the French public. The French public knew M. Boyer's business and refrained; but by a stratagem of that gentleman the directors were induced to go to allotment. The Company collapsed, and Sir William Broadbent, asserting that the directors were guilty of negligence, sought to recover from them the money he had lost. The verdict of the jury exonerated the defendants from having been guilty of fraud or negligence and the judge held that the allotment to Sir William Broadbent was valid. The jury added however that the defendants had committed a serious error of judgment in not calling a meeting of underwriters in order to lay before them the circumstances of the alleged underwriting in France.

For more than fifty years the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society, the first of its kind to be instituted, has contributed most signally to creating and maintaining our national breeds of stock at the standard which has in the past made them the foundation of all the vast flocks and herds growing up in the new countries of the world. Until 1903 the Society held its shows at a different place each year. But for years past this policy showed ominous signs of failure, and it began to be impossible to get the large site required sufficiently near to the centre of population of the chief cities. A permanent site seemed the only alternative and after many hesitations and some heartburnings London was selected and a site obtained near Willesden, now christened Park Royal, where last year the new venture had its first trial. The first year's working was a great disappointment; and as far as can yet be learnt the daily attendance, though weather conditions have been perfect, has fallen even below the meagre returns of last year. The future of the Society is a pressing question. The only policy seems to be a careful inquiry *de novo* as to what the show ought to cost and the formation of a guarantee fund. But the inquiry should be in the main in the hands of new men, because it is no good disguising the fact that the present Council, and particularly the

executive of the show, do not command the confidence of the agricultural public and are freely accused of extravagant management.

One serious difficulty arises from the choice of a permanent show-place. The exhibition tends rather to lose its character as representative of all the national breeds and systems of agriculture. When the society travelled the country, at each centre there would be an extremely fine collection of the breeds of horses, cattle, and sheep for which each locality was distinguished, and the special classes gave more chance to the local tenant-farmers as well as the larger men of getting prize-money. But now that the society have settled in the home counties one gets the breeds which are most popular in these districts, the shire horses, shorthorn and Jersey cattle, and Down sheep in very great numbers, but a much poorer collection of the breeds from the northern and western districts. No Border, Leicester, nor Cotswold sheep are to be seen, though these are very important breeds in their own districts.

By way of doing honour to Lord Goschen, the new Chancellor of Oxford, the company of persons selected for honorary degrees at the *Encænia* was greatly augmented. So many fine gowns have not been seen since Lord Salisbury was appointed nor the eulogy of the public orator put to such strain. It was not difficult to find nice things to say of Lord Curzon or Lord Tennyson or General French or indeed of any of the company; but not even Ciceronian prose is equal to showing the appropriateness of a D.C.L. to some of the new graduates. General French no doubt had to pass an examination in military law before he became captain, though the point was missed in his panegyric; but why Mr. Sargent should boast such a degree, which even when given *honoris causa* should retain some meaning, passes the reach of ingenuity. We have never heard that like his countryman Wedmore Story he surrendered the writing of law books for the pursuit of the art in which he excels. However, meaning apart, the thirty-seven all looked very nice in their gowns and no more brilliant commemoration has been seen for years.

There is every sign that an alarming number of runs may be made in the University match. Perhaps Evans, who has lost his bowling as he has improved in batting, is the only quite first-class player on either side, but Raphael, who made a hundred in the match last year, is a much improved player, and his hundred against Surrey was made by admirably powerful driving. Surrey bowling may have become indifferent, but so is University bowling, and 700 runs is a considerable aggregate even on an Oval wicket. Cambridge who had to make a team afresh are now better than their reputation. In recent matches they have not once failed to make a good score, and on occasions have got good sides out cheaply. No doubt they are weaker than Oxford, but are as likely as not to make 300 runs an innings at Lord's. A tie, that rare event in cricket statistics, was played in the last match at Lord's between Middlesex and the South Africans. It is a curious coincidence that the last South African team in a match against Worcester in 1901 played the last tie recorded in first-class cricket.

The Birthday Honours List is long and undistinguished. It has the one merit that no one has got a peerage; and a few of the names appeal to one immediately, such as Mr. Charles Booth's privy councillorship, and the knighthood of Mr. Marzials, Mr. George S. Gibb, and Dr. Elgar. The political selection, with one or two exceptions in favour of quiet colourless persons, is simply bad. Money must surely have been the only qualification looked for. But the apex, either end, of the list is Mr. Alfred Harmsworth's baronetcy. We suppose this distinction was endorsed "for intellectual elevation of the people by means of 'Answers' and for business ability in the conduct of the 'Daily Mirror'". This makes the baronetcy question more acute than ever. Who would be a baronet now?

KIEL AND COMMON SENSE.

EVERY sensible man had long ago made up his mind as to the exact significance of the King's visit to Kiel and at length the English papers which saw in it an opportunity to foment popular hatred towards Germany have been brought to a saner attitude.

Bismarck, who used and despised the particular class of scribblers whom he sometimes for his own purposes admitted to a partial and transitory glimpse of diplomatic machinery, would have been alone qualified to describe accurately the mischievous gambols of the "quill-cattle" on both sides of the narrow seas during the last few months. It is true enough that the playful buttings and prancings of these gentry cause amusement to every thinking man but the majority of readers have no time to think and little enough to read and therefore swallow greedily the more highly seasoned dainties of the journalist. Our own countrymen, who are still puritan enough to feel happier if they can only believe that they are following something more serious than simple amusement, welcome above all the mixture of the sensational with the solid: hence they will even read with serene credulity such solemn impertinences as have been administered to King Edward on the line of conduct he should pursue when he arrives at Kiel. He has been warned as to the exact form which the insidious advances of the Kaiser are likely to take so that he may be armed at all points against the snares with which he will be beset. Even if King Edward were not a constitutional sovereign and at the same time one of the most experienced men of affairs living it can hardly be credible, even to the man in the suburban tram, that he is a person of so infirm a will and wavering purpose that he is prepared to sacrifice his allies and alienate the French, whom everyone admits he has made it his business to conciliate, at the wink of another ruler. We should have thought that the grotesque incongruity of the suppositions with all the known facts would have saved their authors from such ludicrous exhibitions of fatuity but we may suppose in excuse that the active journalist knows his market and supplies wares that he believes will find a sale. Undoubtedly the British public has also something to answer for. It is the business of a tactful and experienced monarch to correct the extravagances of his subjects where foreign nations are concerned, and no one is better qualified than King Edward to perform that most useful and necessary office. This is the kind of affair in which the hereditary ruler has a supreme advantage. No elected president who sits in his study and pulls the wires of a caucus even though he be a hero "with a head modelled in bronze" (to employ the delightful hyperbole of Mr. Smalley) will succeed so well as the more modest but less rigidly fashioned gentleman with ten centuries behind him. The game too can be played quite as effectively by the constitutional ruler as by the absolute monarch even though the former cannot make and unmake alliances or bind his country's action for future contingencies as it is naively assumed he can by his would-be instructors in the Press.

The very sensible speech made by the Kaiser on Monday indicates that he perfectly well understands the nature of the King's visit and has no intention of making capital out of it. He is far too astute a statesman not to recognise that any exaggeration of the incident would deprive it of the salutary, if limited, aspect which it should assume in the eyes of the world. The most that can be said of it, so far as other nations are concerned, is that, by going to Kiel, the King indicates to Germany that our arrangement with France was not aimed at any other Power but is merely a settlement of pending questions between ourselves without any side-glance at the rest of the world. As we have already argued at length, Germany is not isolated or paralysed by our action any more than she was by the fact that President Loubet went to Rome. This tendency to see deep designs and portentous manœuvres in matters that admit of simple explanations lying on the surface is one common to the ill-informed and it is deplorable that it should be encouraged by influential journals. The spirit of her own people and

the thoroughness of all their methods will save Germany from "isolation" so long as her unequalled army remains intact. But her geographical position compels her to adopt at times a line of diplomacy which may not commend itself to us, and after all she may argue that we have given her little ground for believing that we are likely to stand by her in any emergency. To which we may reply with some force "Why should we?" and this attitude indeed defines the whole of this particular international relationship so far as matters stand at present.

The example set by the French papers in this matter of Kiel reads a lesson in common sense both to the German Press and our own. The attempt made here to rouse the Paris journals by the cry of "ware Kaiser" failed for they took the whole pother with serene indifference. After all the French nation retains its old traditions of courtesy and will not fall into the awkward attitude which a real or assumed attack of nerves has imposed upon their Teutonic neighbours both insular and Continental. It seems to have been forgotten by many that there would be some incongruity in ignoring altogether the friendly inspection lately made by the Kaiser of our own most important naval stations. It would be also still more strange if, after our King had paid ceremonial visits to the Heads of other European states he should ostentatiously ignore the claims of his own nephew who at all events did his best to demonstrate his sympathy both with the British people and their reigning House at the time of Queen Victoria's death.

We cannot of course affect to ignore the patent fact that the general tone of German sentiment may have had some effect in delaying this return of courtesies which common politeness demanded. We have no more desire to exaggerate than we have to minimise the extent of German claims upon our consideration. As Taine very truly points out in his letters lately published the change that has come over the German character during the last century is not calculated to make it more beloved by other nations. If the tendency to tread on other people's toes and to regard themselves as an "elect" people which he observed before the war of 1870 existed then it has certainly not diminished since, but these particular ingredients are also most unfortunately not altogether absent from our own national character. If therefore the political position of Germany has suffered from an undue display of such unamiable qualities we do not quarrel with the nations who have resented it including our own. Every State must bear the burden of its own faults. But if Germany was really animated by insane hatred of England and entertains the Machiavellian designs which are attributed to her she pursued a strange course during the South African war to secure her ends. As her policy is dictated by the sagacity of the Kaiser, he clearly recognises the obvious truth that there is no essential and fundamental ground of difference between the two nations. If the Kiel visit does something to dissipate the prejudice created on both sides by the unscrupulous or ill-informed, it will effect all that reasonable men can expect of it.

BLUE-WATER FALLACIES.

THE army debate in the House of Lords did not carry us much further in eliciting from the Government the attitude which is to be adopted towards the Esher report. As regards the constitution of the War Office itself, the principles of the report have in the main been accepted; and there is every reason to expect that many of the anomalies and defects of the old system will shortly disappear. But the recommendations which the Committee, far outstepping their terms of reference, made with regard to the general organisation of the home army stand upon a wholly different footing; and there is good reason to suppose that some of the clumsy and essentially amateurish suggestions which were made in this connexion have not received universal acceptance either at the hands of Ministers or military experts. We therefore welcome Lord Donoughmore's statement that the Esher report has not been accepted as a written constitution for the

War Office. We have also been vouchsafed certain rather obvious information as to the status of the Secretary of State under the new order of things. In spite of the Army Council, the post of course still remains practically an omnipotent one in the hands of a strong man. On all other controversial topics the Under-Secretary for War maintained a guarded attitude. But at last we have received the definite announcement that a reduction of personnel is to be effected in the regular army, a course which it is hoped will be accompanied by increased efficiency—an old cry, and one which is invariably raised when military mutilation is seriously contemplated by the Ministers of the day.

The question of reduction is so vitally important, that it is desirable that the contentions of the "blue water" school should be subjected to some measure of detailed examination. Not long ago the Prime Minister informed us that "the navy can deal with home defence", and safeguard our shores. So for this purpose no regular troops are required; and this comfortable doctrine appears to be the one which is for the future to be favoured. Yet if we carry this principle to its logical conclusion, the Militia and Volunteers are surely not needed. At risk of becoming wearisome we reiterate this obvious conclusion, because no satisfactory answer has as yet, and in our view never can be, given to it. The advocates of this school of thought have not the courage of their convictions, and are afraid of running their ideals to a logical issue. They qualify their arguments by saying that the auxiliary forces are necessary in order to cope with raids which may be made on our coasts, before supremacy at sea has been attained by our navy. When pressed on the point, however, they maintain that regular troops will still be in the country whilst raids are feasible, and that therefore they can be utilised for the purpose as well. For they maintain that the regulars cannot be shipped off to various points which need reinforcements, nor raids prevented until sea supremacy has been secured. Now we cannot have it both ways. If the regular troops are required for Indian and colonial service, by no manner of means can it be safe to rely upon them for home defence as well. A variety of situations can be conceived in which they would not be available for the latter purpose. We might be at war with a Power which had no fleet to speak of, or one with a fleet which we had already crushed. But after our regulars had sailed, and whilst the war was still proceeding, another war might break out with some Power which did possess a large and effective navy, when there would be nothing left to crush a raid which managed to land but Volunteers, and such Militia as might not already have proceeded to the seat of war for work on the lines of communication, as in the case of the South African war. Could these partially trained auxiliaries satisfactorily resist a raiding party of serious or even of small dimensions, which would naturally consist of picked troops, and prevent them perpetrating irreparable damage? We very much doubt it; and that this is by no means an impossible contingency is proved by the course of the South African war. We were then at war with two small States, which possessed no fleets. Within five months of the outbreak of war nearly all the regulars had been sent abroad; and nothing but recruits and ill-trained and worse organised auxiliaries—a large number of whom had never even fired off a rifle—were left when the 8th Division had sailed. The anxiety which prevailed at that time will be within the recollection of all. Yet, according to the comfortable theory, there should have been need for none. Let us imagine that in the interim war had broken out with some maritime Power, where would have been the regulars which are presupposed by advocates of this school to be in the country, whilst raids are possible? It is now a matter of history that the risk of another Power seizing the opportunity to step in during the period of hostilities was a contingency which caused Lord Salisbury the gravest and most constant anxiety; and that our powerlessness in such an event to cope with a raid caused Lord Wolseley and others serious concern.

It seems almost incredible that, with this recent lesson before us, and with the recollection of the ruinous expedients—such as reserve regiments—to which

we then had to resort in order to provide a force for stiffening the auxiliaries at home, any sane person should now seriously advocate reduction. With the Government it is of course merely a matter of money; as in such cases it has ever been throughout our whole history. Reduction of personnel, when once a great war has been successfully concluded, has almost invariably been with us the order of the day. In 1763 the Peace of Paris furnished a good example. After the close of the war, large reductions were effected in the strength of the army. Then as now there were those who maintained that by no possibility could we ever again be called upon to furnish a large force for service abroad. The War of American Independence however was soon upon us; and a rude awakening was the result. Much the same happened at the close of the Napoleonic wars; and the Crimea found us once more unprepared. The great wars of the 'fifties were then followed by Mr. Gladstone's reductions in the naval and military forces of the Crown in 1868; and now once more we are witnessing the same thing. Again we are told that reduction is to be accompanied by increased efficiency, which will well make up for the loss of men. Such specious arguments will not deceive those who are competent to judge. How is this increased efficiency to be obtained? Presumably by the substitution of five mushroom Commanders-in-Chief for the Army Corps commanders; and the appointment of a host of administrative generals who are to have no executive functions—a distribution of work with no more chance of surviving the wayward fancy of the British public and Parliament than any of the other systems which have already been tried and contemptuously cast aside, before they had time to become systematised.

THE ETHICS OF ASSASSINATION.

FROM the comments of the English and American press on the murder of General Bobrikoff by the young man Schaumann it seems that to remove a Russian official is not regarded as exactly covered by the commandment "Thou shalt do no murder". All that has to be done is to call a man a tyrant beforehand, and then the way is open with a good conscience for his murder, and the press of free countries like America and England will applaud it in veiled language. An ordinary homicide no one would justify whatever amount of provocation the murderer had received. There are often cases in the law courts where the murderer has endured agonies and wrongs which have maddened him to greater provocation than could possibly have been felt by the assassin of Bobrikoff. At times he is the avenger of the wrongs of others, as the patriot is; and yet we should strenuously deny his right to be the judge and executioner on his own motion. It may happen that he has no other means of redress, his wrongs not being such as can be redressed in legal form. This would be parallel with Schaumann's position in regard to Bobrikoff; and yet we should say the divine canon has been fixed against the slaughter of one's fellows, except, as it is universally interpreted, in fair fight; and moreover experience demonstrates the necessity of repressing the execution of private vengeance. Why is it then that sometimes it happens, as it does now on the occasion of Bobrikoff's murder, that the maxims of morality and prudence are alike disregarded; and we find assassination, if not excused in positive language yet certainly so palliated as to convey the impression that the circumstances prevent an unambiguous and complete disapproval. The explanation seems to be that some men have still running in their heads the old pagan examples of political assassination. They cannot get away from Harmodius and Aristogeiton and their swords "that laid the tyrant low"; and notwithstanding modern scholarship they retain the absurd ideas of Cæsar the tyrant and Brutus the patriot. This can be seen in a sentence of a "Times" leader which states that "Schaumann was absolutely alone in conceiving and executing his design of ridding his country of a tyrant". That assumes, how far unconsciously or how far by deliberate theory we

cannot say, that tyrannicide is lawful. Yet the "Times" with the record of its "Parnellism and Crime" in its favour might reflect, we should think, that there are people whose views of patriotism and of tyranny would be so different from its own as to bring it plump up to the bare principle that murder is murder. A certain forged letter the "Times" may have heard of expressed the sentiment that Mr. Burke got what he deserved and so was not an object for pity. This sentiment caused, rightly, an uproar of indignation. It is precisely the sentiment now expressed as to General Bobrikoff. Why should the "Times" be at liberty to understand patriotism and tyrannicide in such a way that the Irish shall be brutal murderers and young Schaumann a hero to be glorified?

Is the definition to be that the patriot in Russia is the scoundrel near home? The American Press adopts simpliciter the view that what is scoundrelism in America is patriotism abroad. They have had three Presidents murdered in less than forty years; in the same time one Tsar has been murdered. If they suppose that the doctrine of assassination does not apply to them because their Government is Republican, they may yet be roughly disabused. It is a dangerous doctrine, in such a country, to preach that the murder of Bobrikoff has not alienated the sympathies of Americans, and that assassination is the only effective protest against tyranny. Not long ago Americans and the people here who are excusing the Helsingfors murder were shrieking in horror at the outrages of Anarchists, and America and England and the Continent were urged to meet in congress to devise special measures against the vermin of society who had murdered a Tsar, an Empress, the President of a Republic, and attempted the life of a Prince of Wales. We were told that the vainglorious spirit of these assassins ought not to be fostered by the advertising of their exploits throughout the world; but that they should be tried secretly and immured for life without a word said of them in public. Why have these folk altered their tone and apparently become oblivious of the danger of glorifying political murders? We know no change of circumstances except that there is a war with Russia, that they are greatly comforted as the allies of Japan with Russian disasters, and that nothing which can be said against Russia is displeasing to them.

Even if the believers in political reform by the hands of individuals who murder rulers, are as attached to liberty and as ardent in their hatred of tyranny as they pretend, they should remember that political assassination is a game that both the patriot and the tyrant can play, and the latter has often played it the more skilfully and ruthlessly. Assassination is no defence for liberty; each party takes a hand in turn; the result is a vicious circle within whose area all disorders are propagated; and there may be no end to them but civil wars and the ultimate destruction of the State. What a glaring absurdity it is that a youth like Schaumann should take the destinies of his country into his own immature hands; that he should be the sole judge of the moment when a blow should be struck for his country's liberties; and that he should choose the method by which it should be done. There are Finns of experience, of knowledge of the world and of politics, and of the position and the resources of their country, and it is not they who have conspired or ever intended, so far as we know, to adopt unlawful means of asserting their liberties. Can Schaumann be supposed to have foreseen the consequences of his act and understood what was involved in it? If he had been the instrument of a widespread conspiracy his method would have been detestable, but at least there would have been some body of opinion at the back of him, and his deed might not have been, as it may be, the outcome of egoistic fanaticism. The friends of liberty who must submit their judgments to the caprice of the political assassin are no more masters of their own fortunes than if they were under the most arbitrary ruler that ever sat on a throne. Let us not be hoodwinked by talk about patriotism. The patriotism of a Schaumann may have as a foil the patriotism of some equally raw young Russian who may deem it his duty to his country to pick off some opponent of Russifica-

tion. There may be American readers of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" who remember the story of the murder of William the Silent by Balthazar Gerard. It is some four hundred years old, but in the interval there has been no such remarkable case of parallelism between political murderers as there is between Gerard and Schaumann. Gerard, "before he had reached man's estate", had formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange "who, so long as he lived, seemed like to remain a rebel against the Catholic King, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion". For seven years he plotted and ultimately shot the Prince, after taking similar elaborate and cool precautions to have every step of his exploit explained as were taken by Schaumann. It would be hard to say which of the two showed more those marks of intelligence, reasoned definiteness of aim and cool deliberateness, unlike the insanity of the Anarchists, which have inspired so much admiration for our latest political assassin. Are we not also to admire Gerard? He was as competent to judge as Schaumann; and no political assassin ever more fervently believed in his cause, or endured horrible punishment for it with so wonderful a fortitude. In the result he ruined the cause for which he committed murder; and it may not improbably be so with Schaumann. We see no reason for believing in the judgment of the political assassin; he is liable to err, as we all are; and it may become a little expensive to correct his mistakes.

THE LORDS AND THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

THE second engagement in the campaign for a proper administration of the Chantrey Trust has been successfully fought. The first stage was complete when the leading papers of the country, without an exception, had endorsed the charges brought against the administration in this REVIEW. Critics who have many points of disagreement on other subjects loyally joined forces on this; and it has been proved, against a great deal of faint-heartedness and scepticism, that if honest critics will combine and persist in requiring reasonable behaviour from the official stewards of art, they will get listened to. The discussion in the House of Lords on Tuesday, resulting in the appointment, by unanimous consent, of a Committee of Inquiry, was the proof. But not only was the *prima facie* case for inquiry conceded; the feeling of a disinterested body of observers on the merits of the case, and on the obstinate adherence of the Academy to its policy, was pretty clearly marked in the course of the proceedings. The Council of the Academy have themselves to thank if they had to listen to some very plain speaking; to hear it received with cheers in an assembly that does not squander its approbation; and the excuses of their spokesmen met with silence or laughter. Lord Windsor and Lord Lansdowne, who spoke for the Government, disclaimed, of course, any intention of pronouncing on the merits of the case, but they conveyed unmistakably their view that the present state of affairs is unsatisfactory, and Lord Windsor even made a very pertinent suggestion, namely that the Council should appoint a kind of managing director of the Trust whose business it should be to find out what works of art were available for purchase, and to advise the Council. The suggestion is well worthy the attention of the Committee, and if such a director had a sufficiently free hand given him, the appointment might be the next best thing to the course we have urged and continue to think the right solution, namely the substitution of a single responsible director for the present academical board.

We shall revert to this point in a moment, when we have considered the speeches made on behalf of the Trustees, but first of all our thanks and those of the public are due to the mover in the debate, Lord Lytton. His speech was a model of lucid arrangement and quiet force, and should enhance his reputation among the younger speakers in the House. We should also like to think that it is a symptom of a changing tone in Parliament. For a long period questions of art have

been looked upon there as hopeless matters for discussion, battlegrounds of individual "taste", one as good as another. The presence in Parliament of even a few men of knowledge and conviction will make a change in this sceptical attitude, which is no longer the official attitude when men like Lord Lansdowne and Lord Windsor give the lead; and we are glad to think that enlightened opinion can reckon on so good an advocate as was revealed in Lord Lytton.

When we turn to the speeches made on behalf of the Academy on Tuesday, we find at least an explanation of the silence maintained hitherto by the Trustees. After the Committee gets to work we shall have the case of the Council stated by themselves, for at the last moment they have decided to accept the inevitable and after an excess of coyness are ready to "court inquiry". But if we may trust their spokesmen in the House of Lords we have already got so far as this, that the Academicians admit the chief counts in the case against them, and merely plead that certain regulations made by themselves prevented them from carrying out Sir Francis Chantrey's intentions. Was there ever a more extraordinary defence? "Why", it is asked, "did you not buy the best things available wherever they were to be found?" And the reply apparently is, "We carefully devised, and took care not to rescind, regulations of our own which would inevitably prevent this". If Lord Wemyss is correctly informed, the Council acted on a regulation that no picture could be bought unless it had been exhibited and was actually on exhibition. There was nothing of the sort in Chantrey's will; he required exhibition after purchase. But this absurd rule having been imported by themselves, the Council proceeded, in practice, to limit themselves to the one exhibition in which they were interested, that of the Academy. This arrangement suited not only the interests of the Academy but the convenience of the Council. One or more meetings at the summer exhibition to settle on purchases were certainly less troublesome than the possibility of meetings from time to time during the year, when opportunities occurred of enriching the collection. To be on the alert at sales and special exhibitions of a man's work, to take any steps to discover whether an artist, or collectors of an artist's work, could supply a desirable example, all this was ruled out as impossible. In face of Chantrey's plain intimation that the work of dead as well as living artists was to be bought, the Council limited themselves to an exhibition in which no dead man's work could appear. If to set up regulations which must defeat the testator's intentions was not to commit a breach of trust it is hard to see what action could be thus described, and the sympathy of those who speak of the Academicians as having acted up to their best light is certainly wasted.* They have deliberately narrowed and distorted the scope of the trust. Lord Wemyss reduced his case ad absurdum when he went on to quote the notes vouchsafed to him by Royal Academicians about some of the greater men who have been ignored. His statements, doubtful in themselves, about some of them having worked only for commissions or having ceased to exhibit after the Fund came into operation, were of course irrelevant. Their works have been abundantly available at subsequent exhibitions and sales, and not, (pace Lord Davey), at prices beyond the purse of buyers who readily found £2,000 for a Dicksee, a Herkomer, a Vicat Cole, £1,000 or more for a Yeames, a Poynter, a Calderon, a Rivière. Whistler, Lord Wemyss was bold enough to declare, had not yet established his position as a painter. If this is so, the Council is between the horns of a dilemma, for Lord Davey, himself a trustee, declares that the difficulties and the cost of acquiring the works of the most eminent artists are so great that the Trustees decided rather to purchase work by "promising artists". Mr. Whistler's reputation is at least a very promising one, more so, one would suppose, than Mr. Joseph Clark's, Mr. Glendening's, and others of the wild shots of the Academy Council.

* The care with which the scope of the Council's activity was narrowed to the Academy exhibition appears to have been equalled by the laxity with which the terms of the will were applied to purchases made in that exhibition. If the "Daily Mail" is correctly informed, on more than one occasion sculpture has been bought that was not "executed and completed" in this country.

But once more, where, in the document that founded the Trust, does this remarkable trustee find anything about youthful promise? Performance, clear and eminent, was the condition laid down, and the provision already cited that made dead artists eligible is additional proof that by encouraging British art Chantrey meant securing masterpieces for the enjoyment and emulation of the nation, not the subsidising of artists on doubtful evidence of their capacity. It is an extraordinary thing that a lawyer, with the terms of the will before him, should lend himself to such a twisting of its terms.

Lord Carlisle rose to urge one correction of what has been stated in these columns and repeated by Lord Lytton, viz. that the President of the Academy receives £300 a year under the will for his labours in connexion with the Trust. According to Lord Carlisle this provision was quite independent of what we call the Chantrey Trust and has nothing in common with the provision of £50 a year paid to the Secretary of the Academy. We have referred once more to the text of the will, and can find no support for Lord Carlisle's contention. The provision is made as part of the scheme for the Chantrey collection, in the same clause as the provision for the secretary and in the same terms, except that in the case of the secretary, who is not a trustee, his duties in return for this annuity are defined. If Lord Carlisle is correct in saying that the annuity was paid to the President for a term of years before the purchases under the will began, then this was one irregularity the more; for it is clearly laid down that these annuities were not to begin till the death of Chantrey's widow, at which date the operations of the President and Council were to begin. Chantrey, in a subsequent clause, made provision that the remaining Trustees, exclusive of the President, should receive a single payment of £100 on appointment, "the same to be some remuneration for the trouble imposed upon such new appointed trustee". The annuity for the President was clearly in consideration of his being the permanent and most important member of Council. Lord Carlisle's further argument that the artists now recognised as among the most eminent met, at the time when their works were produced, with execration from the critics, was a curiously exaggerated statement. But if it were an exact description of the facts what are we to think of a body of artists who not only accepted the verdict of execration at the time, but during the years that have seen this execration turned to admiration have never stirred a hand to make amends? Lord Carlisle himself, as his collection shows, was not the dupe of the popular verdict in a number of the cases that have been cited. If we are not to look to the Council of the Academy for an equal clairvoyance, then surely we have an argument the more against the purchase of pictures raw from its exhibition and in favour of waiting till critical judgment has declared itself.

The "Times" in the course of an article on the debate supports our view that inquiry of even wider scope than that of the present Committee is called for. "It is quite possible", says our contemporary, "that the public may think so well of the Committee's work that a demand may presently be made for extending it, till it covers the whole organisation of the Royal Academy and the relation of the State to art". There can be little doubt that the real mischief at the root of the Chantrey scandal is the anomalous position of the Academy and its inadequacy, under its present constitution, to represent the whole field of British art. The poison of the academical system in the Chantrey administration is not limited to that only. It affects to a large extent the management of provincial exhibitions, the purchases made for provincial galleries, and, a matter of growing importance, those made for colonial galleries. And here we wish to return for a moment to a significant point in Lord Lansdowne's remarks. Speaking subsequently to Lord Windsor and on a review of the whole discussion, he met the assumption, pointedly made by Lord Wemyss, that the Committee would only offer suggestions for the Academy's consideration, by a direct invitation to Lord Lytton to make the range of inquiry wider. That is to say the Government encouraged the Committee to consider the question of a change of authority. Lord Lansdowne

was evidently impressed by the strong feeling that has found utterance in so many quarters, and his speech marks a turn in the tide of public and official feeling towards the pretensions of the Academy. The appointment of this Committee is the first serious check the Academy has received, and the first step towards a Parliamentary overhauling of its ambiguous position and narrow policy.

The "Times", in its otherwise admirable article, attempts to let Sir Edward Poynter down easily at the expense of his colleagues. "No official or semi-official answer" it says, "has been given—probably because none could be given that would commend itself to a fair-minded man, such as Sir Edward Poynter unquestionably is. He is probably quite as well aware as are his critics that the present system of managing the Chantrey Trust is unsatisfactory". Now, to speak plainly, any evidence we have is to the contrary; a fair-minded man, aware that the critics were in the right, would hardly have gone out of his way to speak of the critics as he did at the Academy banquet, imputing to them the motives of bandits. On the other hand there is no evidence that Sir Edward Poynter is either better acquainted with, or more liberally disposed towards art outside of the Academy than the most exclusive of his colleagues. We must therefore refuse to join in this testimonial until there is some proof of his goodwill forthcoming. It so happened that on the evening of the House of Lords discussion the President was entertained to dinner by the Carpenters' Company. Sir Edward Poynter, in reply to the toast of "British Art", came after Sir Redvers Buller, and his speech followed pretty closely on the model we associate with that orator. "He and his colleagues, as a body of honourable gentlemen, had always done their best to uphold the position of British art." The time surely is going by when a reference to the "honour" of public men and their good intentions will satisfy the nation in place of some relation between profession and performance. Sir Edward Poynter, for the second time, put forward the excellence of the British section of the St. Louis exhibition as fruit of those endeavours. Now that case is most instructive at the present moment. The Academy, probably for the last time in history, was given control of the British section, and proposed to exercise that control exclusively. The result would have been the same as at the last Paris exhibition, when whole sections of British art were unrepresented. But pressure was brought to bear by which the representatives of several other societies were placed on the committee and secured proper treatment for their respective groups. That is how the representation of British art is so much more complete. But several societies, notably the Scottish Academy, were unrepresented, and there are therefore serious gaps in the exhibition. It is hardly credible, but we believe at least one artist who was distinguished in the awards at the Paris exhibition received no invitation. The moral is plain. So long as the Chantrey Bequest is in the hands of a purely academical committee the management will be the same, ignorant, interested and lazy. Either a reform of the Academy that will make it representative is called for, or the placing of the Trust in disinterested hands.

HOSPITAL SNOBBERY.

HE was a great man who conceived the Nursery Rhyme Bazaar; though perhaps it is unfair to give to a man the credit of inventing a show which, according to the prospectus, gathered to itself the concentrated blessing of the whole number of our great ladies. Either way it was a Machiavellian soul that did it; for one sees now that the deep scheme was to bring to an end the ignoble system of hospital mendicancy by a grand reductio ad absurdum. Kill the thing by ridicule: get all the most eminent persons in the land to appear in a ridiculous part; illustrate the childishness of the whole thing by turning it into a farce; and get it laughed out of court. And so the Social Bureau was duly called in. Glorious name, Social Bureau; what flawless fashion it carries with it; trust to the Social Bureau and the newest parvenu may throw aside his anxieties; under such auspices who could

miss Society's bull's eye? The Social Bureau asks for nothing but "good names"; with "good names" it will open any door you like, or fill any room for you. One rather wonders why the Social Bureau's own good name is not enough; is it not one of the peculiar features of these peerless agencies that every man connected with it is always a "perfect gentleman"?

And so the Social Bureau was kind enough to take the hospital under its wing. And the Nursery Rhyme Bazaar was boomed and advertised and pushed until every lady who wished to be thought of social significance was persuaded that she must be there. Naturally, for she observed that nearly every one who in fact was of social significance was going to be there. There comes in the ingenuity of these charity shows. The really great ladies are caught by the appeal to the cause; the secretary of the hospital unfolds a dire tale of woe and moves these great ladies to active sympathy. Thus the decoy ducks are obtained and the others, outsiders, wheeling round the charmed circle, come flocking in. One must admit that it is not very easy for those who are approached first to refuse. Not many women, perhaps as few women as men, have taken the trouble to think out the hospital begging problem; a case is put before them that appeals to their heart, and it seems churlish to refuse to help. After all, too, it must be confessed that to lend your name as a patron is not very expensive, and does not involve very arduous labour. To tell the truth, it is just good-natured thoughtlessness that makes our great folk give their names so easily to "a good object". If they thought more they would discover that very often they were hurting and not helping the good object. And when they do take the trouble to make the discovery, the business of charity shows will collapse at a touch.

That the business flourishes now is not strange; for one cannot help seeing that these shows have an immense commercial advantage over all others. Professedly commercial shows have to depend upon merit, on giving value for money received. Even if run by the most fashionable folk, they would not have the advantages of the charity show. No one likes to proclaim himself a snob. To change your tailor or milliner to go to a shop run by a duke or by a countess would be giving yourself away to your friends. But if it is a charity, all snobbery is covered. No doubt, if fashionable people are organising a bazaar, to help them in the work, to be generous, to be associated with them in the prospectus of stall-holders, may be socially helpful; but it is not done for that reason, it is all done for the hospital. The rank or the smartness of those you are helping is a mere accident. In the same way, you go to the bazaar only for charity; that it is a fashionable function merely adds to the boredom of having to go at all; but you cannot help it. And if Lady This or Lady That asks you to buy something, you would have bought it just the same had the server been some humble woman from the suburbs.

More cheap cynicism all this! But is it really cynicism? We should like to think it was. Let us see. If it is not snobbery that draws people to these shows, what does? Is it business? Does anybody think he gets real value for his money either in the show or in a single article he buys? Sometimes, at charity concerts, he does get value for his money, which makes them less objectionable than smart bazaars. But who would go to the Albert Hall to see nursery rhymes in effigy when he can see the thing done ten thousand times as well every Christmas at a dozen pantomimes? Who would go to see a few cramped-up animals, when he can go to the Zoo or Jamrach's? Where is the superior attraction of putting, even on a "real turf green", in the Albert Hall to putting on a links in the open air? It goes without saying that none but a lunatic would go to a smart bazaar for the sake of the show, the entertainments, or the merchandise.

Perhaps, after all, then, he does go for the sake of the hospital? says the good-natured man. Impossible; if his object was purely to benefit the hospital he would send the secretary as much as he spends on the bazaar. No hospital manager will deny that these indirect

devices for getting money are very wasteful; or that all hospital chairmen would be delighted if they could do without them. The very methods adopted in booming shows of this kind frankly assume that the needs of the hospital will not be the draw. In the prospectus of the Albert Hall function "the object of the bazaar" occupies three lines in four closely printed pages, a page and a half being given to "good names" and the rest to the extraordinary attractions of the entertainment.

So it is not the show, it is not the object which draws; then there is nothing left but the names. Precisely; people pay to see and be with, even if only for a brief moment, smart women and great names. And if that is not snobbery, what is? What would be the object of getting together a galaxy of society ladies and popular actresses, if they were not to be a draw?

And why not? This is the last resource in argument of the hospital beggar. Why not? If a man likes to pay a big price to see a countess, or give a round sum for a drink mixed for him by the deputy of a duchess, why should not the hospitals make money out of him? Why not make friends by the mammon of snobbery as well as by the mammon of unrighteousness? The answer to this question we must leave to the questioner's self-respect. We will only ask him, does he think it pleasant, does he think it satisfactory, or good for the self-respect of the nation that "our glorious institution of hospitals", that great assistance to national pride, should rest on a foundation of snobbery?

THE FISHER IN PARADISE.

WHERE lies the secret of the dominion which the pursuit of a trout in an English chalk stream holds over a man once he has mastered the various steps of the art to whisk a small fly to a hard fish? We often make guesses at the secret, but none quite satisfies. We can never capture and chain in words the elusive passion of it. One man will set it chiefly to scenery, to the fisher's environment, the thrall of running stream, of sky and tree; a second to science; a third to the finesse and delicacy of his art; a fourth to the hardships which must be overcome where the water is utterly clear, the trout large and shy. All may count, but they can be claimed too for various other branches of angling. Thus the roach-fisher might say that his pursuit, distinctive for its delicacy, was one for *oi xapievres*. The only roach I recollect catching were taken in a flutter of fearful joy, with a baited hook on a yard of string tied to the top of a walking-stick: this angle had to be stealthily improvised, and every moment the poacher expected to be discovered by the keeper or the owner of the water. This was not delicate; but the skilful roach-angler's method is so undoubtedly. The same claim might be made by anglers on certain English streams, who deftly work down stream and under water their flies on the hair cast. Science, likewise, enters largely into this and other branches of fly and bait fishing. Putting together what Walton and Cotton have to say about fishing both with the natural fly and the artificial, one plays with the notion that the angling of even their day was delicate and scientific. Those very long rods, made of pieces tied together so nicely with fine thread below and of fine silk above, tapering as a switch, were not for bungling hands. One likes the way in which they wrote of "a right grown top" as "a choice commodity", and the careful directions for the colouring of both rod and line: one top which Walton owned was so good that he kept it for twenty years. Then consider the casts that they angled with. There was an angler, Isaac Owldham, who with one of those very long tapering rods would fish even for salmon with but three hairs at the hook. Whether he used a winch—the "wheel" vaguely described by Walton as fixed about the middle of the rod—is not told. Owldham must have been exceptionally good—he seems never to have written a word on angling. In the light of such old things as these, our boast about gossamer gut may seem rather vain after all.

As for scenery, it does minister to the joy of the dry-fly angler. He might not be in paradise without it. The serene chalk stream is a mirror that, reflecting,

can enhance the exquisite beauty of the earth; of the clouds—cumulus, the benign cloud of the June sky, cirrus in those ice-heights. When we see a solitary spike of purple loosestrife bending over the edge of the stream, and reflected on the glass-smooth water, we feel that Shelley was hardly guilty of high rouge in fancy when he wrote of those flowers in the garden of the sensitive plant which gazed at themselves in this mirror until they died of their own beauty. There is the sense, too, of comradeship about the chalk stream: it seems to sympathise with us as quick and sure as it answers to each subtle change in the mood of sky and day. Who would leave these treasures out of the account? They restore a little of the bloom which the coarse thumb of the world rubs off.

But we cannot all honestly say that it is the scene which in the main we are conscious of on those paradisaical days when we float the dun over the rising trout, or hour upon hour crouch among the river grasses and watch for the faint dimple that is so slow to come. We are sub-conscious of the scene in the familiar daytime: it is a kind of impressionist background when we are casting in earnest over moving trout. In the mysterious evening the scene by the chalk stream may take stronger hold of the angler: it is so unfamiliar when the grey gathers on the tree, and the sorceries of the oncoming night begin to touch all things. One has felt then for sure that the passion of angling is inseparable from the scene. This time of the short evening rise of large trout in June and July is full of strange wonder: going home in the monochrome, when the murky trees are flat on the sky, and stratus, wraith of the river night, is creeping over the meadows, we are steeped in it.

But ordinarily the scene, however beautiful, is the background, sometimes dim and far off. The passion or ecstasy, for either word and none less strong will fit, is born of the longing to find, see distinctly if possible, deceive and secure that for which we have no particular use. The dry-fly angler rarely goes to fish because he has a need of trout: this is not the motive. What may be called the real thing, so far as this sport is concerned, consists of five stages—finding, stalking, casting to, hooking, and playing the trout. In the first place, the trout must be discovered by the angler himself. One rarely feels obliged to kind people who want to introduce one to a good trout: independence is as essential to the comfort of the dry-fly angler as it is in life generally. The dry-fly angler can be completely independent, self-poised: he wants nobody to point out trout or likely spots, to carry his light tackle, to land his fish: he will hasten to place himself beyond aid, all talk and advice about flies; such talk by the river wastes most precious time, distracts him from the absorbing pursuit. Seeking for the trout, watching hour after hour, through the waxing and the waning of the long delicious river day, never loses its fascination: we sometimes feel that almost the best moments of all, on a day when there is little rising, are those when this long, earnest, anxious watching is rewarded by a ring, repeated several times under the bank, which tells beyond doubt of the presence of a good fish taking natural flies at the surface. In salmon fishing some hold that the greatest moment is that of the actual rise of the fish to the artificial fly; and the rise of the salmon truly is grand. But the rise of the trout, which at its best is scarcely a rise at all, rather a leisurely drawing in of the fly by a fish which is gently cruising just below the surface, lifting itself ever so slightly to gather in the duns or May flies—this imparts an exquisite thrill to the angler. Like the spider, the dry-fly angler lives along the line. Strike from the winch, says authority. But I had as soon my hand were on the line at the strike: surely fingers that all day for many a day are handling line, before and after every cast, should not press too hard at the crisis: true, it is the left that fingers the line before and after the cast, whereas it will be the right, the rod hand, that will touch the line at the strike, unless we strike from the reel: but the two hands will be in sympathy, I think; the right will not press on the line harder than would the tutored left.

Authority also will insist that we shall not strive to see the fish. Here is a twofold danger: you may

creep too near, and so scare the trout: you may strike too soon, when you see all—or think you see it—and set down the trout. This latter danger was often pressed upon me by a Derbyshire angler factus ad unguem indeed in the art, one whom I would rather back to take the hardest Test trout—though he has never seen the Test—than any man in England to-day; but he did not explain the cause of the failure. What we strike at when the trout is thus seen, is not the fish, but the image. The dangers are very real, but give me the short line rather than the long—sometimes, for Derbyshire Wye backwaters, even that most difficult of lines, the very short one—and let me see if possible the whole thing. One cannot be too near for pleasure. Each foot nearer we can creep and shorten the cast adds to the interest and the thrill. Evening after evening a season or two since I took trout of a pound and a half on these short lines, under a chalk stream bank, in clearest, shallowest water. Every movement of the fish could be seen; one could count the very spots on them; the slightest mistake in the stalking or the casting and all was lost and yards of the choicest water disturbed by the rush of the scared fish. This was a case of sheer necessity; for, sent to the fish on a line of ordinary length from the opposite bank, the fly would not float naturally or a trout regard it. But it confirmed me in the heresy that fishing near and fine is the very kernel of sport where the fish are strong and wary, the water gin-clear and almost still.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

THE CAFÉS OF PARIS.

IV. COTTIN AND COMPANY.

HERE, under the shadow of the great Porte St.-Martin, old actors and old actresses, engaged either at vast, shabby outlying theatres (Batignolles, Ternes, Belleville, Bouffes du Nord), or only awaiting an engagement somewhere, anywhere.

Old actors and actresses on the kerbstone, old actors and old actresses in this dingy little café, with the hard benches, grimy windows, and dusty floor. Among the old actors, old Cottin.

How, as he stands dejectedly on the kerbstone or sits gloomily before his glass of coffee, how, if he liked, could old Cottin amuse and surprise us with his tales! His Majesty King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, was pleased to compliment old Cottin on his humorous expression and wink and grin: old Cottin who has lost that grin, and whose expression is more tragic than comic, and whose dim eye winks no longer. The name—"Cottin"—appeared in gigantic characters on the bills: the entrance of Cottin was the signal for laughter and applause. But if ever the name of Cottin again appear on a theatrical poster it will be in some obscure, out-of-the-way theatre; and if ever Cottin again address an audience it will be feebly, unspontaneously, from a rough, draughty old stage; and if we could witness the awakening and rising of old Cottin in his chilly little attic we should not see him attended by a valet as in former days, but assist at the spectacle of old Cottin brushing vehemently away at his threadbare clothes, and stitching up a rent with a darning needle, and clipping the fray from off his collars and cuffs with blunt, rusty scissors, and generally aspiring to smarten himself up with the object of obtaining an engagement somewhere, anywhere.

Under the shadow of the great Porte St.-Martin, on the kerbstone or in the dingy little café, in his greasy hat and threadbare clothes, old Cottin awaits the arrival of a small suburban or provincial manager. It is their practice to come here when in need of an actor who will play innumerable rôles at forty or fifty francs a week, and they pick out their actors brusquely, roughly, and with many a coarse joke. But once old Cottin dealt only with renowned, illustrious managers.

"Mon bon Cottin", said the renowned, illustrious managers.

"Mon cher directeur", said the renowned, illustrious Cottin.

"Epatant, étourdissant, extraordinaire", was the boulevardier's enthusiastic appreciation of Cottin.

Poor old Cottin, late of a boulevard theatre!

Let us not go prying into the secrets of Cottin's life: the cause of his gloom and downfall is not our affair. Nor are we entitled to search the careers of these other old actors and actresses who, perhaps in their day, were almost as famous as Cottin, and who, like him, have very much come down in the world. Anyhow, there is genuine friendly sympathy between these shabby, clean-shaven old fellows—and also between their sisters, who are over-stout or over-thin, over—"made-up" or over-pale, over-garrulous or over-still. In this café, they are chez eux, they are en famille. In this café, they speak frankly, easily of themselves. Madame Marguerite de Brémont, for instance: a woman of sixty, with great black eyebrows, a powdered face, and a deep, deep voice. Enormous is Madame Marguerite de Brémont, who is cast for the parts of chiffonnière, mad woman, hideous unnatural mother at the Batignolles Theatre at forty-five francs a week. With her, a shabby black bag; and also, as a last coquetterie, a black satin reticule, from which she occasionally produces an old powder puff, and a handkerchief edged (by her own hand) with coarse yellow lace. Such a deep, deep voice, and such sweeping melodramatic gestures with alas! rough large hands. Forty-five francs a week, but—honour of honours—a benefit performance this summer. And Madame Marguerite de Brémont is telling a group of superannuated comedians that, upon this glorious occasion, the manager will allow her to have the pick of the Batignolles wardrobe. She will appear in no fewer than five melodramatic rôles, "created" by her twenty, thirty years ago; and, in looking over the Batignolles wardrobe, she has been particularly impressed by a heavy yellow velvet dress trimmed lavishly with pearls.

"Yellow was my colour", says Madame Marguerite de Brémont, "and, for jewellery, I always wore pearls".

"Our Marguerite", observes an emaciated old fellow, "will have an extraordinary reception. We shall all cry, 'Vive la de Brémont!'"

"Ma chère", puts in a faded, wrinkled woman, with bright (and bad) gold hair, "I have always said that yellow was your colour. All women have their hair, but the actresses of to-day wear any colour, and the result is deplorable".

"Yes, yes", says the de Brémont, "I shall appear in yellow". And she powders her face feverishly at the prospect of once again appearing in yellow and pearls.

"C'est bien, ça", exclaims old Cottin, at the conclusion of an anecdote. A charming anecdote, related thus by a little imp of a man, with the comedian's large mouth and ever-changing expression. . . . In an actor's charitable home the doyen of them all is an old fellow of eighty-four, who was a favourite in his day. He passes the time pleasantly enough in toddling about the garden on a stick and in reading faded, yellow Press criticisms of years and years ago that describe him as "marvellous", "incomparable", "irresistible". But, one morning, he hears that his sister-in-law—once a brilliant vaudeville actress—is homeless and penniless at the tragic age of seventy-nine, and he becomes gloomy and silent, and he asks to see the manager of the Home. "We are full", replies the manager, "and so we cannot receive your sister-in-law". The old fellow's eyes become dim, and at last the old fellow explains, "I wish to marry my sister-in-law". Gently the manager observes, "But even if you marry her, there will be a difficulty. Our rations are limited, and if you marry her, there will only be one portion for the two". A meeting between the old fellow of eighty-four and the old woman of seventy-nine. And a marriage between the old fellow of eighty-four and the old woman of seventy-nine, attended by all the old actors and old actresses of the Home, not one of whom tells less than sixty, not one of whom can toddle about without a stick. Bottles of champagne from the manager of the Home. An address from the aged inmates of the Home. And to-day the old couple toddle about together in the garden, and together read the Press criticisms of years and years ago, and together recall the days when the one was a brilliant vaudeville actress and the other was a "marvellous, an incomparable, an irresistible" comedian.

A flashy-looking young man in a check suit and pink shirt looks in, and tells old Cottin and others that

"there is nothing to-day". An agent for the suburban, the provincial theatres.

"By all means, yellow", he says carelessly, in reply to Madame Marguerite de Brémont's anxious question as to what colour she should wear. Then, more amiably, "I subscribe for twenty francs, and if you receive a bouquet of roses, yellow roses, preserve it in memory of your devoted Jules".

"Ce bon Jules!" exclaims the de Brémont as Jules, the agent, hurries out of the café. "Il a du cœur, celui-là". And opens the black bag. And scribbles down something—probably "20 francs"—in a little greasy book with a stump of a pencil. And heaves a deep sigh of satisfaction. And expresses the hope that she will not be too "émotionnée" on the night of her benefit.

At least thirty old actors and old actresses in the café, and most of them with empty glasses. A lull—during which many look vacantly before them, while others tap with their boots on the floor and drum with their fingers on the tables. Great yawns, and occasional stretching of arms, and often the exclamation, "Mais je m'ennuie, je m'ennuie!" In a corner, a dingy waiter is sprawled over a racing paper, and behind the counter, the burly proprietor, in his shirt sleeves, dozes. Outside, the hoarse shouts of the camelots, selling the evening papers. Outside, the animation of the boulevards.

"Messieurs, Mesdames."

A quick, brusque voice; and a short, stout little man, with a huge watch-chain, an umbrella, a thick black moustache, a double chin, and a great swollen neck.

"Has Jules been here? What is the use of Jules, what is the use of any agent? I call at his office: he is not there. I ask where he is: no one can tell. I come here—although I have not a moment to spare."

A manager; at last, a manager! And the manager of one of the vast, shabby, outlying theatres, who also sends companies out on tour.

"I have need of four men, two ladies, and a child for 'The Terror of the Fortifications'. Tour starts at St. Quentin on Monday week, and lasts twenty-one weeks. I want workers. Salary for men, not more than fifty francs; for women, forty to fifty; for the child, twenty-five."

"Mais c'est bien, c'est très bien, Monsieur le Directeur", says old Cottin, say old Cottin's comrades. And old Cottin and three of his friends, and the faded, wrinkled lady with the bright (and bad) gold hair and one of her friends, all rise before Monsieur le Directeur.

"I will try to find the child", says the faded woman.

"Girl", says the director. "Small, thin, and not over eleven. Come to see me to-morrow morning at twelve." And the stout director waddles out.

"They say it is épatant, the 'Terror of the Fortifications'," observes an old actor.

"Ah", replies old Cottin, absent-mindedly; old Cottin, late of a boulevard theatre.

"Au revoir", says Madame Marguerite de Brémont, picking up her reticule and bag. "Au revoir and good luck. I shall tell the director to-night that I have chosen the yellow and pearls".

Four old actors and two old actresses at one table, with their heads together.

"The curtain rises in a hovel", says one of the old actors, and proceeds to narrate the plot of "The Terror of the Fortifications". JOHN F. MACDONALD.

BACK TO MOZART.

WE all know that a few years ago Wagner was the supreme musical power in Europe. He did bestride the world like a Colossus. Perhaps he is still supreme, but there is now an active revolt against the tyranny. Those who listen to music are weary of hearing nothing but imitations of Wagner; and the few composers who are trying to do original work are sick of having their music eternally judged solely from the Wagner standpoint. Revolution is at hand—nay, is even now quietly going on. Wagner was well enough: he achieved mighty things for which the world will always be his debtor; but when such flagrant Wagner

imitators as Humperdinck and Siegfried Wagner are dumped on our tired backs, well, then the mules kick over the traces. Everywhere the signs are apparent. Richard Strauss has gone back to Berlioz and Liszt: several younger men have gone back to nothing at all; and Mr. James Huneker, in his "Overtones", gives a portentous list of composers of absolutely no importance with a view of showing that nowadays we can get along perfectly well without Wagner.

Well, even after Palestrina and Bach there remained a few new things to do in music, and it would have been a pity if Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven had been hindered in their work on the ground that the last word had been said by Palestrina and Bach. And after Wagner there still remain fresh things to do, but for a long time whatever original men there may have been have met in Wagner and Wagnerism far greater obstacles than were thrust in the path, say, of Haydn. Bach, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven each carried on music a certain distance and died leaving much more to be done. Their successors had only the stupid conservatism of old fogies to overcome. The case of Wagner is entirely different. He found a domain which he made his own; and, as I wrote some time ago, he entered in and closed the door behind him. He made such a tremendous rush to get it and got so far ahead of every contemporary that it is not in the least surprising that the youngsters imagined him to have reached the limits of music. Here, then, was one moral influence in favour of the Wagnerisation of music. There was another, his prose writings. His arguments are so stupendously clever, are enforced with such immense sincerity and conviction, that it is no wonder that even the most highly original men were carried away by them and accepted them in the lump. And, last, there has been the practical influence: for a long time none but Wagner's music would be listened to—even now that is true to a great extent—and the hosts of Wagnerites, sane and insane, kept on saying with an insistence which finally became exasperating that the only thing possible or even desirable was an imitation of Wagner's music. So in the end, as I have said, Humperdinck and Siegfried Wagner were unloaded on us as great composers, and the revolt began in serious earnest.

But the important question, after all, is not concerned with Siegfried nor with Humperdinck. Siegfried is entirely destitute of musical talent—to speak of genius in connexion with him would be preposterous. I remember nothing more lamentable than his exhibitions as a conductor. In spite of apparent touches of the master's hand his "Bärenhäuter" is dismal, without any interest, musical or other. Humperdinck's achievements are of the slightest. "Hansel and Gretel" is of course nice light stuff; some of the tunes are pretty, and the scoring, though far too heavy for a child's fairy opera, is at any rate masterly in its way; but the moment anything in the least serious has to be done—as for instance the descent of the angels in the children's dream—the man's lack of inventiveness becomes obvious. We may leave these composers and a dozen others to fade out of human remembrance, probably in their own lifetime. But the fate, I say, of Humperdinck and Siegfried Wagner is not the important question. The question is, If we won't have them or their like to whom shall we turn and what sort of music may we expect? Evidently it is impossible to say who the next original composer may be. He may be still unborn; he may be in his cradle; he may be studying in one of the music-schools. Neither can one predict the sort of music he will give us. Yet one thing is certain—we must pass from Wagneritish music to another sort. Wagner for his huge purposes had to invent a special technique. He dealt with gigantic problems—the destinies of the gods who have governed the earth and of the whole human race—and his orchestra and orchestral methods were gigantic in proportion. To depict the perishing of all the old gods and of a race of heroes was not a feat to be achieved with the orchestra of Mozart, more especially as all the action takes place amidst tremendous or wondrously beautiful natural scenes—storm by night, the coming of the dawn, the sunset, and the thousand other effects that

Wagner was the first to paint in music. "The Valkyrie", "Siegfried" and the "Dusk of the Gods" are crammed with these effects, effects for which a large orchestra was indispensable. Even in the "Rhinegold", that rather superfluous prologue, it was necessary. It was necessary to give expression and colour to the extraordinary intensity of passion in "Tristan"; even to paint the old world in the "Mastersingers of Nuremberg" it was necessary.

But all these things have been done, and as I have insisted untiringly, it is a sheer waste of time to try to do them again. It is true, I know, that the old Greek dramatists treated the same problem often and again; but their manner of art is not ours. Shakespeare also took ancient stories to work up into dramas; but after Shakespeare who thought of writing another "Tempest" or "Macbeth"? In the century following Shakespeare's a good many people tried their hands at improving Shakespeare; and I should like to know how many readers to-day have read their precious attempts. Thousands of painters have done Virgins and Holy Families: no one does them to-day: they are done for all time. Turn to music itself: who thinks of rewriting "Faust" or "Carmen"? Gounod's story of Marguerite was drawn from Goethe's "Faust", but it is not "Faust"; Bizet's "Carmen" is hardly an attempt at the "Carmen" of Prosper Mérimée. When you get genuine imitations of fine originals you get worthless failures, as for instance, Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff". But there is no need, after all, to argue a matter which is not a matter of inferences but of premisses; and it is nothing more than a premiss—and of course a begging of the question in many cases—to say that when a thing is finally done it is done finally. Well, then, I say that everything touched by Wagner is finally done; and we must turn to new fields, new subjects, and find a new treatment of them. And those subjects, I am convinced, will be less vast than Wagner's, and more intimate, and will demand altogether a simpler mode of musical treatment. And to get back to a simpler mode of treating any subject musically, to whom shall we go but to Mozart? He was the first to rediscover the secret of natural, inevitable expression, the first to apply his method to the expression of modern emotions and ideas. I do not mean that we must imitate Mozart or anyone else. I do mean that instead of wasting our time on making imitations of Wagner we ought to use it in wresting from Mozart's scores Mozart's secret of expressing simple feelings. There is no other. Palestrina and all the old church writers are too old; Bach and Handel are too old; Wagner is not what we want. Of all composers of our era Mozart alone knew exactly (as he himself said) how many notes to put in his scores. Richard Strauss and all the modern men put too many; the machinery is clumsy out of all proportion to the thing, I do not say accomplished, but attempted; and it is high time to turn to the master who knew how much could be made of how little.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE ALCESTIS AT BRADFIELD COLLEGE.

TWO performances have already been given. To-day—Saturday—there will be another; others again on Monday and Tuesday. And Bradfield is a very accessible place, and the special arrangements made for visitors preclude any discomfort. So that, really, no one who cares for Greek drama has any excuse for not going to see the *Alceste*. Every such one, certainly, must be grateful to Dr. Gray, the Warden. For by him is offered to us a unique pleasure—the unique pleasure of seeing a Greek play performed under the only conditions which are appropriate and satisfying. Let us be grateful to the stray enthusiasts who, from time to time, enable us to see a Greek play under makeshift conditions. But gratitude for what is merely better than nothing must be of a somewhat chastened kind. Greek drama performed in a modern theatre is merely, and barely, better than nothing. There is the right and the wrong place for everything, but especially for some things. In a Scotch tabernacle the rites of the Free Kirk of Scotland, as by law established, are finely impressive.

In a Gothic cathedral they would leave you cold. You are finely impressed by His Majesty's Levée in S. James' Palace. But the ceremonial would seem absurd if it were repeated, however faithfully, at the corner of Fenchurch Street. In like manner, whose sense of fitness is not fatally outraged by Greek drama in a modern theatre, however well ventilated? The open air is essential to such drama. For such broad and grandiose effects there must be a broad and grandiose setting. We must have the sky, with its sunshine or its clouds. At Bradfield we have it. If the day be fine, so much the better. But a downpour of rain would not be really amiss. No mood of the elements could be really amiss. Of course, the open air, though it is essential, is not in itself sufficient to our perfect pleasure. We must be sitting in a Greek theatre. Only so can we appreciate the play, seeing the chorus in its right relation to the play's action, and the actors in their right relation to ourselves. There is no marble at Bradfield (why does not some less than usually unimaginative millionaire step forth to play Augustus?); but the benches of the amphitheatre, hewn from what was erst a chalk pit, are as hard as marble, and the little cushions handed to us by the wand-bearers are presumably like those which the Athenian playgoers brought with them. There is nothing to mar the illusion created by the lozenged orchestra, by the faintly burning altar of Dionysus, and by the proscenium, with its columns and its pediment. Above us, fringing the uppermost benches, are trees in full leaf, with birds at song in them; and one spies not the absence of fig and olive. Somewhere beneath the eaves of the proscenium a swallow has built her nest; and she was darting hither and thither, last Tuesday, over the obsequies of Alcestis. It seemed right that the bird that comes from afar should have her habitation in this theatre that has come from afar to us. It seemed peculiarly right that the "avis Attica" should be just here, in this place so redolent of the poets who loved her. Anxious Procne!—does she think that she has found at last, in this dell of Berkshire, Tiresus' palace?

The performance of a Greek play at Bradfield is a lesson in the extent to which archæology may minister to art. Because the conditions are just those under which Greek poets wrote dramas, our receptivity is that of a Greek audience. Because everything is as it was, everything is as it should be. Everything? No, there is one exception. I think that when I was writing about the Agamemnon, four years ago, I expressed a regret that the mimes were not masked and buskined. They are not yet in that proper state. "All the essential features of Greek Tragedy", says the programme, "will be reproduced, except the masks and the high cothurni, which are considered unsuitable to the conditions of modern art". I agree that they are utterly unsuitable to the conditions of modern art. Aubrey and Paula Tanqueray, strutting exalted, and mouthing expressionless, would be a more than mild surprise. But they, you see, are meant to represent an ordinary lady and gentleman of to-day, and masks and buskins have not yet come into fashion among us. The Greek dramatist did not seek to represent ordinary ladies and gentlemen. His characters were mythical and conventional figures. He was an idealist. What have "the conditions of modern art" got to do with the production of a Greek play in a Greek theatre? I admit, of course, that Euripides was not an undiluted idealist like Æschylus or Sophocles. He was feeling his way towards a realistic presentation of human beings. His characters had, now and again, thoughts which could hardly be expressed through masks—thoughts which needed the ordinary play of human features. His characters seemed sometimes to be trying to climb down from their buskins. But it would be absurd to call him a realist. Realism was but an undercurrent of his art. His characters lose, therefore, much more than they gain by any effort to present them in terms of realism. Any departure from strict archæology, in the performance of a Greek play, is a hindrance to æsthetic pleasure. It is tedious to find oneself saying what one vaguely remembers to have said four

years ago. But, in doing this, I am sustained by the hope that I shall not have to say it again four years hence. I submit to Dr. Gray that his refusal to be correct in these two details leaves a real blemish on an otherwise perfect endeavour. I suspect that, when he speaks of "the conditions of modern art", what is really in his mind is a fear that masks and buskins might seem ridiculous to a modern audience. It cannot be a fear of difficulty that restrains him, the overcomer of so many difficulties. Besides, it is obvious that there would be no difficulty. Masks and buskins could be designed and made quite easily, and the boys could quite easily be taught to speak through the masks (which, indeed, were so fashioned as to aid the resonance of the voice), and to walk in the buskins. It must be the fear of a ridiculous effect that causes the deliberate inaccuracy. But why should the effect be ridiculous? An Apollo on whose cheeks the light of day illustrates the rouge, a dead Alcestis on whose cheeks the light of day illustrates the powder—such sights as these, seen by us last Tuesday, really are rather ridiculous. But there is in the sight of a tragic mask or a tragic buskin nothing more ridiculous than in the sight of the columns and pediment of a Greek proscenium. Moreover, accuracy in this matter would be a source of real benefit to the mimes. To lose self-consciousness is the first essential to good acting. Boys, even among themselves, and in the ordinary routine of life, are more self-conscious than any other class of human beings. If you dress them up in scanty classical costume, and set them in broad daylight on a stage, in the midst of their pastors and masters, their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, then the burden of their self-consciousness must become almost intolerable. To some extent, no doubt, the Bradfield mimes are helped—taken out of themselves—by the remoteness of the language that they are speaking, and by an enthusiastic wish to do as well as possible the thing through which their school derives so much peculiar honour. But it is quite certain that they would be much happier, and would be able to act much more spontaneously, if they were not face to face with their pastors and masters, their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. For their sake, as well as for ours and archæology's and art's and Bradfield's, I respectfully conjure Dr. Gray to reconsider his prejudice in the ample time that will elapse before the next production.

I understand that these productions are regarded by Dr. Gray as primarily educational—as a means to quickening in his pupils an understanding and a love of their Greek studies. I suspect that, when he chose the Alcestis for this year he was in a more than usually scholastic mood. The Alcestis is a standing dish at Matriculation, Smalls, Mods. As a play, however, it is surely the least good thing that Euripides did. The theme is not really susceptible of tragic treatment. Admetus, as central figure of a tragedy, won't do at all. You may make all kinds of ingenious excuses for him. You may say that he was very hospitable, and that he was very fond of his wife, and very grateful to her for dying in his stead, and that he would always have been faithful to her memory. But all that is beside the mark. The point is not whether he is a bad man. The point is that he cuts a ridiculous figure. To the Greeks, by whom women were held of less account than by us they are, he did not, of course, cut quite so ridiculous a figure. But even to the Greeks a hero who stood uncomfortably but unresistingly by, while a heroine died to prolong his existence, could not have been acceptable. So it boots not that at Bradfield we can see Admetus through Greek eyes. No sense of pity or awe is raised in us. We can but raise our eyebrows. And the worst of one ridiculous figure in tragedy is that he abides not alone in ridiculousness: inevitably he infects the rest. Poor Alcestis! We cannot take seriously her self-sacrifice for such a figure of fun as is Admetus. Evidently, Euripides himself felt the impossibility of his theme. Heracles in his cups is not a figure which he would have introduced into a tragedy that seemed to him tragic. But it was natural that he should foist in this fragment of satyric drama to redeem from dulness a tragedy by which not he nor anyone else could be

tragically impressed; for better no unity of impression than an impression of uniformly wasted tragic poetry. Thus the "Alcestis" survives for us not as a work of art, but as a curiosity.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE CITY.

THE prevailing note in the financial circles of the City during the past week has been that of weariness, attributable to a certain extent probably to the weather—for a few fine days seem quickly to exhaust the vitality of the air and of the individual alike—but there is substantial reason for the complaint of the stock-broker in the almost entire absence of business. The short spurt of investment orders during the past month or so gave some promise of activity, but of course the Stock Exchange exists chiefly on speculation, not necessarily gambling one may add, and in the more speculative stocks a minimum of transactions has been recorded. It was reasonable to expect that the weight of cheap money would have had greater effect, and there are many who believe that with the turn of the half-year there will be considerable appreciation in the gilt-edged securities. We trust it may be so, for, difficult as it is to ascribe any satisfactory cause to account for the depression which has so long prevailed, the continued absence of sustained business of any magnitude in the Stock Exchange must be taken as an indication that general commercial affairs are not so prosperous as one would be led to assume on the figures which appear in the trade returns. In our opinion, the South African mining market is responsible in a greater measure than is generally supposed for the depression in the speculative markets and, as we have pointed out in these columns, the policy which is pursued by the controlling mining houses is likely still further to increase the suspicion and nervousness with which South African mines are regarded. There is no reason for the bona-fide investor in sound dividend-paying mines to be alarmed, but it is inevitable that the apparent manipulation—proceeding as we have pointed out mainly from the objectionable operations in large lines of stock with options attached—must shake out a number of investors, whilst the speculator is becoming tired of paying differences and will not improbably decline to take any further part in a game in which he stands little or no chance of winning. The process of driving out the speculator and investor is necessarily slow, as human nature is inclined to be "bullish" rather than "bearish", and the tendency is to hold on as long as possible. In the meantime the money spent in differences by the speculator and the depreciation in capital value to the investor must be found by economies in other directions and the extent to which South African shares are held is so far-reaching that we believe this factor alone with the results we indicate is sufficient to account for the absence of fresh speculative business. The position could be materially relieved by the controlling houses mutually agreeing to abstain from option dealing—except to a moderate extent—for a given period and thus allow the market to develop naturally. It is not satisfactory to admit that so much power is vested in the hands of a few persons and the conservative City man is not willing to be convinced that the conclusions we have stated constitute the great power we believe it to be, but conditions change slowly and almost imperceptibly at times—one of the greatest changes of recent years is in the enormous influence of the South African mining market, the shares of which are held in almost every village of the United Kingdom.

The principal item of interest during the past week has been the announcement of the terms upon which the issue of Water Stock will be made. Whilst these terms cannot be regarded as liberal they are undoubtedly fair and with comparatively few exceptions, having regard to the large sum involved, it is to be supposed that they will be accepted by the shareholders of the various water companies. We understand that a doubt exists among certain shareholders as to the advisability of accepting the new Water Stock to hold as an investment, mainly because owing to the premium of 1½ established on the issue price of £91 6s. 6d. for £100 stock it would be possible to

sell at a cash profit. That is perfectly true but it must be remembered that the security is unimpeachable and indeed may be regarded as among the finest in the world and to obtain an investment of this nature at a price lower than, for example, India Three per Cents is an important point for consideration; we have no hesitation in recommending every shareholder to take advantage of the terms offered, for in our opinion it can be but a short time before the new stock appreciates in capital value to a point which will more than compensate—having regard to the nature of the security—for any slight increase in yield which might be obtained from selling and re-investing the proceeds in a less well secured stock.

There has been an increase of business in American railroad shares—mainly of a professional nature, and the breaking up of the Australian mining market has continued. In the foreign market the feature has been the rise in Interoceanic Railway of Mexico and Argentine and Brazil Recission Bonds—the latter are spoken of as likely to maintain their strength.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR FREDERICK MAURICE ON
SIR JOHN MOORE.

We gladly accept Mr. Oman's corrections of the distances we quoted in regard to the march to Corunna, since it is obvious that the force of his criticism of Sir John Moore for unduly hurrying his men along these sections of the road is weakened in so far as the distances actually traversed in a fixed number of hours are proved to be shorter than we stated. The distances quoted by Mr. Oman are those we obtained by careful measurements from the largest scale maps available, whereas the approximate distances given by us were what, from our experience of Spanish travel, seemed to be nearer the mark, when the actual marching is under consideration. What we mean by this we will let Mr. Oman himself explain. Describing the road to Lugo he says:—

"The desperate uphill gradients . . . between Villafraanca and Cereza cannot be measured in mere miles when their difficulty is being estimated. The marching should be calculated in hours and not by miles."

But these are after all mere side issues. Our main point is that Moore's whole conception of the conduct of the retreat was based on the fact that at certain fixed points he would be able to feed his troops. Mr. Oman reiterates in his last letter that Moore had "ample transport". The question is how, when and where was this transport obtained? Certainly not at Villafraanca, for on p. 567 he says that though there was fourteen days' biscuit, salt beef, pork and rum, "there was no transport to carry off this valuable provender and Moore ordered it to be given to the flames". On p. 571 he describes how on the road to Lugo "a battery of Spanish guns was left behind for want of draught animals and the military chest of the army was abandoned". Later on we read that a train of fifty bullock carts with clothes and stores on the march south to join Romana's army was met unexpectedly. "Very naturally the soldiers stripped the waggons" (being starving and shoeless) and "requisitioned the beasts". Somehow there still seems to have been lack of transport with our troops. Nor did matters much improve on arrival at Lugo (p. 576). "Here 500 foundered cavalry and artillery horses were shot, a number of caissons knocked to pieces and the remainder of the stores of food destroyed."

Napier, vol. i. 484, gives excellent reasons for Moore refusing to fight a pitched battle at Lugo. "There were no draught cattle, no means of transporting reserve ammunition, no magazines, no hospitals, no second line, no provisions!" So he elected to retreat on Corunna and fight there. Moore's calculation that Soult would not be able to follow him in his rapid retreat was nearer the mark than is generally known. Mr. Oman tells us (p. 561) that on his arrival at Corunna, "as at Lugo, he (Soult) was dismayed to see how much the fatigues of the march had diminished his army".

Finally, Mr. Oman quotes how "4,000 horses and mules" "were destroyed at Corunna" as a proof that there was plenty of transport at the end of the retreat. But on p. 582 he says that on arrival at Corunna, "the horses were in such a deplorable condition that very few of them were worth re-shipping and only about 250 cavalry chargers and 700 artillery draught cattle were considered too good to be left behind. The remainder of the poor beasts, more than 2,000 in number, were shot or stabbed or flung into the sea. . . . The cannon, fifty in number, were safely got on board the fleet."

Now we read in Mr. Oman's excellent appendices that no fewer than 2,800 dismounted cavalry soldiers and 1,200 artillerymen embarked for England. In addition to the horses required for this great mass of horsemen and guns there were those which conveyed the 3,000 sick and wounded to Corunna. A short calculation will soon show that even if Moore did destroy another 2,000 horses and mules, this number could easily be accounted for among the preceding items, without leaving any over for supply columns. If draught animals for transport were thus lacking (a) at the commencement of the retreat (b) throughout the retreat and (c) at the end of the retreat; where was the "ample transport" for victualling an army of 20,000 men on the march? Moore had to face and to surmount day by day stupendous difficulties as they presented themselves. That his success in doing this cost his own life and some 2,000 British soldiers, taken prisoners largely owing to their own indiscipline, in no ways detracts from his high military reputation in the eyes of professional soldiers, who possibly can better realise the magnitude of Moore's task than a civilian.

Mr. Oman's final proposition that it would have been better had Sir John Moore retreated in a more leisurely manner and arrived at Corunna on the 14th in place of the 11th January breaks down on his own showing. Has he not himself described how these three days' rest for his troops enabled Sir John not only to reassemble, revictual and reorganise his shattered battalions, but to clothe, equip and actually rearm them with fresh muskets and issue them fresh ammunition? It further enabled him to embark his thousands of sick and wounded and his artillery and, last, to inflict a crushing blow on the enemy; a blow which, but for his own untimely mortal wound, he would have undoubtedly improved into an overwhelming defeat.—Ed. S. R.

THE DUNDONALD AFFAIR AND THE EMPIRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wellington Club, London, S.W.

21 June, 1904.

SIR,—May I be allowed to repeat and to emphasise as strongly as possible the valuable words used in relation to Canada in your article of last week upon the Dundonald affair, as being applicable not to Canada only but to the whole portion of the so-called British Empire which consists of the self-governing Colonies? These words state only the naked truth, and no decent citizen of the Empire either at home or beyond sea can contemplate the statement without an intense feeling of shame and indignation at the indifference, the perversity, even the rank folly which allows such a futile and dangerous condition of things to exist for a day longer among those who boast themselves as descendants of the one time practical and business-like Anglo-Saxon race. Surely a constant reiteration of the truth cannot be without effect in at length arousing among our Colonial fellow-citizens some sense of shame at least at their own continued avoidance of a just share of the burdens of the Empire, some perception of the real insecurity of their position in the absence of any common and concerted system of imperial defence, and some genuine desire to throw their lot wholly and altogether with the Mother Country, to which they have hitherto looked, and must still continue to look, for defence in time of war. The words I refer to are these: "It comes to this that what we call an Empire has no system of imperial defence; for there can be no system of imperial defence

without some authority which has power over all the forces of the Empire to direct them as a whole. The defensive force of the most important and the most critical and 'pivotal' province of the Empire stands out of relation to any imperial authority. In case of war between the United States and the British Empire the Canadian Militia might refuse to recognise the authority of the General commanding the imperial British forces in Canada. Such a state of things is the negation of the essential conception of an Empire. The British Empire has no means of controlling and directing its own defensive forces. . . . It is then a misnomer and an illusion to call it an Empire at all."

Obediently yours,

LOWTHER BRIDGER

(Member of Imperial Federation Defence Committee).

THE KING AT KIEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kenchester, June 8.

SIR,—One reads with amazement the advice gratis offered without apology to the King respecting his comportment at Kiel. As if a past master in diplomacy, whose tact amounts to genius, needed a lecture of the purely academical variety! As if "lest he forget!" were to be converted into a sort of prevenient "processional" for the special illumination of a personage who, in vulgar parlance, knows the ropes, and is the last man to blunder! I do not think Addison of Magdalen one hundred and fifty years ago would thus have stultified the columns of his classic paper. Sir Roger de Coverley was too polished.

Now, what is the secret of the King's influence in the domain of high politics? How comes it that a gentleman, who until yesterday was kept in the background, to all appearance, has developed into the universal solvent? Obviously, to account for a phenomenon which has awakened equal surprise and gratification, we must accredit our Sovereign with a rare quality of perception. Placed on an eminence he sees what are the disturbing elements in the European system, and how they can be brought into harmony. In other words he alone of those who control the destinies of nations appreciates the exact present situation. But this lucid view would not suffice to insure diplomatic success. A man who pens despatches may risk offence. A man who trusts, not to pen, but to presence must be endowed with a personal magnetism. That is just what the King possesses. He is before all things genial. Years ago the Parisians with their rapid diagnosis of character dubbed him *bon enfant*. To-day his personality has brought about a cordial entente on the very morrow of a probable rupture. German in blood, with German for his native tongue, he of all men can best assimilate with German aspirations. The feat of smoothing over difficulties with France was magnificent; that of tranquillising Germany may yet prove to have been easier. There exists no ground of quarrel between England and Germany except the morbid jealousy of the German people. All the same, there remains the Kaiser with his chronic restlessness, and if, as seems possible, the uncle can reassure the nephew, good may accrue.

As a matter of fact nothing carries so much of confidence as genuine geniality. We associate it, and rightly, with honesty of intention and the absence of *arrière pensée*. John Bright, for all his vehemence, was a genial man; Gladstone the reverse! The nation now reckons the former higher than the latter, albeit the mistakes of each were about equal. It is all the difference between falsity—error, and falsehood—wilful error; nor is it too much to affirm, pace Mr. J. Morley whose art has painted black white, that while John Bright convinced, Mr. Gladstone barely half-convinced. If out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, instead of from a cardiac vacuum, to listen is to be attracted. Now the King is too German to be anti-German, and he alone can point out that German interests are far more identical with English than is imagined at Berlin. Whatever he urges he will urge heartily; and after all the Kaiser is by no means destitute of magnanimity.

COMPTON READE.

BIGNESS OF INSURANCE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 King Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

20 June, 1904.

SIR,—In continuation of my letter under the above heading, in your columns last week, respecting my experience of life insurance in the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, as soon as the list of options was sent me, I wrote to the society pointing out the enormous difference between the figures supplied to me in the prospectus and those on the present list of options. The reply was very characteristic. After descanting on the grandeur of the system and of the fact that the society had been under the risk of paying £500 in the event of my death during the period, the letter goes on to say:—"It is for you not to look at the result that was hoped for twenty years ago when a different condition of things prevailed, but to look at the difference between what the society has been able to accomplish for you, as compared with other societies". To this I replied:—"That I failed to see the force of their argument, for as their prospectus said the figures were 'based upon actual experience', I naturally concluded that the society would, at any rate, not ignore their own figures, and try to dismiss the matter by saying in effect, 'that is ancient history—that was twenty years ago'."

The reply to this was:—"The figures were issued twenty years ago, when the society was not in possession of any actual experience to base these results upon"; then I suppose, as an afterthought, seeing they had given themselves away, after the word "experience", they interlined the words, "over the whole period of the policy". They then dilated on the great business the society was doing showing its popularity.

I replied that as their society was so prosperous, the amount paid in death claims being less; the assets increasing by £5,000,000, and the surplus by £1,000,000 yearly; while the expense ratios remain stationary; their arguments failed in inducing me to see why there should be the vast difference of from 40 to 70 per cent. between the figures in the prospectus and those in the list of options.

The reply I received to this was merely an endeavour to compare the results of their office with those of British companies; not to the advantage of the latter; declaring that while their society pays a bonus of £3 per cent. per annum, the British companies pay only 6s. and 7s. I next pointed out to them that their reply respecting the figures being "based upon actual experience" was a mere quibble; and would they give me the names and addresses of a few of those persons who insured twenty years ago, and were now quite satisfied with the results. But this they declined to do, saying that they considered the result of my policy a very satisfactory one, and that I ought to congratulate myself on having taken out a policy in their society.

I am now in communication with the head office in New York, but they seem to be unaware that such figures were printed in their prospectus, so I have sent them a copy and await their reply with interest.

I certainly think the methods of these American insurance companies should be exposed, and I trust you will find room for this letter in your next issue; so that your numerous readers, if intending to insure, should not be lured by the specious prospectuses put forward by these companies; but should go to a good, sound British office, of which there are so many.

Yours faithfully,

PHILIP KENT.

THE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL-TEACHER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

78 Gildabrook Road, Eccles,
18 June, 1904.

SIR,—I cannot agree with Mr. Houghton that the primary teacher has no end towards which he can direct his powers of teaching and keeping order. The objects marked out for him by his employer the Education Committee are on the contrary only too clear.

Having acquired the technique of his art he is bidden to produce pot-boilers. His best chance of doing self-respecting work is when he is left in obscurity; those who come to see him teach—apart from H.M. Inspectors—cannot usually be described as "persons of understanding", while the attitude they assume is as often as not disconcerting if not irritating to the teacher whose isolated training and subsequent contact with children absolutely subject to his authority have rendered him "unworldly"—unlikely that is to accept criticism at its true value and with bonhomie; or to take either praise or blame with equanimity.

But as regards the nature of his work. Public bodies want to see value for the money they spend on education—hence the demand for "results" in some form or other. Now the only results that can be supplied with anything like regularity—and therefore fairly demanded—are the product of steady mechanical grind. Thus in English Composition reproduction alone can be expected, since originality is a rare gift—hence the origin of the essay card and the "list of essays prepared"—the subject matter may well be negligible but the handwriting must be good; everybody—even a genius—can rule red ink lines and there is probably no child who cannot be made by a sort of hypnotic suggestion to sit still—"with both feet on the floor" as a local authority inspector used to insist—for any given length of time.

All this can be pointed to as a return for the Education rate, and local authorities—who seldom rise above the obvious and are often tempted to gain popularity by the sacrifice of the future to the present—naturally encourage those teachers who come nearest their ideals, while teachers with other aims find themselves forced to give disproportionate time to what in their opinion are non-essentials, partly to save their professional reputation and partly to keep in with their fellow-workers who having been brought up under the older ideals conscientiously accept them. But the effect of it all is to turn out automata not individuals; the complaints of employers are the outcome of this preference by the public authority for the form rather than the substance of education. The boys complained of are helpless with the helplessness of crammed geese; if they had "learnt" less and "done" more they would have been more healthy and active; and the public would have gained even though it is harder to test activity than receptivity.

But as a matter of fact the ratepayers in whose name all this testing is carried on do not ask for such formal results. The chief anxiety of parents seems to be that their children shall be happy at school. If a parent calls on the teacher in an amicable mood—sometimes the visit is quite the reverse of amicable—he will probably say "He likes coming here" or "She won't stay away for anything"; very rarely do even the best informed of parents ask for more than a perfectly general statement of their children's progress and often a detailed account would be lost upon them.

The first necessity is I think to encourage the wider education now opening to primary teachers. As teachers alive to the opportunities and responsibilities of the newer conceptions of their work increase in number it may be hoped that the local authorities will give them a reasonably free hand.

I remain yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

"HARRIERS" AT MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Humanitarian League,

53 Chancery Lane, W.C.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In a recent article on Manchester Grammar School you referred to the introduction of "harriers" by the present headmaster. As this has caused some misunderstanding, perhaps you will allow me to point out that the sport which Mr. Paton has introduced is that of the paper chase ("Hare and Hounds"), not beagling as practised at Eton.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY S. SALT.

REVIEWS.

ENGLISHMEN UNDER THE SCALPEL.

"The English People." By Émile Boutmy. Introduction by John Edward Courtenay Bodley. London: Fisher Unwin. 1904. 16s.

"Success among Nations." By Emil Reich. London: Chapman and Hall. 1904. 10s. 6d.

AS Englishmen, according to M. Boutmy, have only a very impotent faculty of generalisation, and cannot therefore be expected to understand their own character, he has undertaken to do it for them—and done it very elaborately and very cleverly it must be confessed. M. Boutmy is a Frenchman whose national faculty of generalisation is certainly not atrophied; and if it came to a competitive examination in knowledge of English history, social, constitutional and legal, between M. Boutmy and five-sixths of our members of Parliament we would back him for carrying off the honours. As Mr. Bodley reminds us in the introduction to this French study of the Psychology of Englishmen, Oxford has conferred upon M. Boutmy its honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law as a recognition of his work in history and especially of that which relates to British institutions. M. Boutmy, however, in this book claims a more intimate acquaintance with us than is implied by a scholarly knowledge of our formal history; he probes our most intimate psychological secrets and tells us what he imagines we are in ourselves. It seems a sort of passion just now this making of international studies in psychology, and it is an interesting question what value they have. What seems established is that however much a Frenchman may interest other Frenchmen in writing about the English or the Germans, or Italians or Russians, as the case may be, he would not convince any of the other nationals that he had quite understood what he was writing about. The Frenchman we need hardly say would not be more convinced than the others of the fidelity of the picture of himself drawn by an alien hand. Therefore we admire the boldness of Dr. Emil Reich in undertaking to do not only for all modern nations but the nations of antiquity what M. Boutmy has done for the English alone, and to do it in about an equal number of pages. His method too is the psychological: he professes to discover in the intellectual and moral constitutions of peoples the cause of their success or failures. Dr. Reich is a Hungarian: and very erudite without question. He has written this book in English, and if he understands our character as well as he knows our language, though he makes several slips which an educated Englishman would not have made, he would be a critic worth listening to. We are inclined to call him to our aid in judging of M. Boutmy's book: because it must be confessed that if M. Boutmy says some things that are not unpleasant for an Englishman to hear there are many that are quite the reverse. A native is not necessarily a very good judge of whether the truth is being told about himself. He may not understand his own character any better than the foreigner does, though for exactly opposite reasons. It is therefore with some feeling of satisfaction that we find Dr. Reich speaking of M. Boutmy's "absurd psychological theories" of the English character; and observing complacently that a foreigner who has not lived many years amongst the people he undertakes to describe, and taken part with them in their struggle for life, as he himself has done, is not competent to do the work he has set himself.

We cannot further pray in aid Dr. Reich, and we must speak for ourselves, for the psychology of his book is as meagre as M. Boutmy's is redundant. His accounts for nothing; M. Boutmy's accounts for too much. M. Boutmy proves everything as if we were a proposition in mathematics, and a curious, uncouth, abnormal kind of monster he makes of us. His fault is over-elaboration and a determination to make facts suit his theories. But he has written a book: Dr. Reich has brought together a collection of scraps, and he worries one after the other like a dog with two bones who cannot settle to one because he wants to be worrying the other. We know as much or as little in what

the psychological basis of success in nations consists as we knew before. Some of the physical or historical causes he explains well enough, and he would be a well-informed reader who knows all the facts Dr. Reich has to tell. But if such theses as that the personality of individuals is of importance in a nation's history, or that a nation usually wins its greatest glories in literature and art after a successful struggle for liberty with a nation that threatened it, or that small nations have had an influence out of all proportion to their apparent potencies on religion or literature, are psychological propositions, it occurs to us that we have heard them before and calling them psychological adds nothing to their effect or explanation. Discussions on the political aims and ambitions of nations are not psychology. A nation's aims are the result not only of its mental characteristics but of the pressure of geographical or economic circumstances upon it. The German dream of a world-power, the "Muscovite terror" are politics in the ordinary sense. That Russian power is over-rated is a proposition which is interesting at present; but we fail to detect any psychological element in it. But in any case all these numerous topics are handled hastily and superficially as they must be in a book which ranges over the whole world ancient and modern within three hundred pages.

Where Dr. Reich comes nearest to M. Boutmy's more sustained psychological method is in his treatment of the position and influence of women on society in their various countries. On these he has many interesting notes, and as far as English women and our family relations are concerned his views commend themselves to us as nearer the truth than M. Boutmy's, which strike us in great part as grotesque. M. Boutmy has after all lived little in our country; he is not very competent as an observer of our surroundings; and we cannot help suspecting that he is under considerable disability on account of a defect of vision which is almost blindness according to Mr. Bodley. Both writers seem to agree in the view that our source of strength lies in energy and will-power and not in intellectuality; but M. Boutmy with his tendency to run a premiss into logical consequences overstepping the modesty of nature makes us too much demonic and too little rational. Our climate prevents us being artistic, we are gloomy, unsympathetic to the verge of cruelty because we have no sensibilities, morose and self-contained, so that we cannot understand the wider world views of more civilised nations. We have no science, as other nations understand science, for we have no capacity for dealing with anything but in sections, and we fail to see the connexion of one part with another. Our literature and our art are outputs of our demonism and not under the control of an artistic faculty. We are not disinclined to agree with his view that there is a wider gulf between our intellectual classes and the masses than exists in most other European countries; but here again the note of exaggeration is struck, and we seem to hear the echoes of a stale tradition repeated mechanically rather than an opinion founded on personal knowledge. In any case the epithet "bestial" may well be resented. M. Boutmy, determined that England shall not be regarded as intellectual, makes his own theory of racial influence absurd by the paradox that the mass of a nation is almost destitute of the intellectual characteristics of its highest representative figures. We should certainly not think so highly of Frenchmen in the mass if we did not admire the brilliant Frenchmen like M. Boutmy who stand for us as exponents of their countrymen's natural gifts. Why should we have our Shakespeare, our Newton, our Turner, our Howards and Wilberforces, and yet be denied some measure of their characteristic genius as their countrymen? M. Boutmy has taken Matthew Arnold and other satirists too seriously and has distorted us unconscionably: at least we think so—if an Englishman is capable of an opinion.

In the latter chapters of his book it is clear that he has found in the opinions of the opponents of the South African war policy and their views of the Government, and especially of Mr. Chamberlain's intentions, much of the colour with which he has filled in his conception of the English character. If M. Boutmy

had refrained from making Mr. Chamberlain his typical Englishman, and the South African war an example of the savagery and unscrupulousness of Englishmen, his detachment from temporary politics would have made his psychology less suspicious: and we might not then have had to say that Mr. Bodley's book on France has shown that an Englishman can be more tactful than a Frenchman in dealing with a foreign country—a most un-English achievement according to M. Boutmy. It is indeed rather curious to consider that an insolent, arrogant Englishman would have shrunk from expressing himself so confidently and dogmatically, with such sweeping unqualified opinionativeness, either about the psychology or the politics of another people, as M. Boutmy with his fondness for generalising has done. At least not in a formal treatise, though he might allow himself more latitude in a newspaper's ephemeral columns. If we may not dispute M. Boutmy's diagnosis of the Englishman's impotency for abstract generalisation, we shall at least claim for English empiricism certain merits which M. Boutmy's book lacks. With Dr. Reich's scornful references to such catch phrases as Latin races, the Anglo-Saxon race, decadent nations, and to the views they signify, we have much sympathy. It is true, as he says, that if the American is un-European he is certainly to a far higher degree un-English; and this is a fact which might be pondered by certain people amongst us who place such stress on what Dr. Reich calls the fictitious bond of consanguinity. His adverse criticisms on America are not much behind M. Boutmy's on ourselves for their dogmatism. Being more diffident than political psychologists are we should hesitate to adopt Dr. Reich's views of the "defeminisation" of the American woman and the danger her "over-mentalisation" is to her country. The oracular statement, that it is clear two types alone have developed and can possibly develop in the United States—the politician and the commercial man—owing to the lack of intense personalities, is another generalisation a little too much in M. Boutmy's vein to be quite to our taste. But we take in quite another mood the statement that it would be easier for America to establish a filial relation with any other European nation than to maintain her cousinship with the English; and that save for the chance identity of language no two nations are more absolutely and irreconcilably dissimilar than are the Americans and the English.

NEW JAPAN.

"Japan: Aspects and Destinies." By W. Petrie Watson. London: Grant Richards. 1904. 12s. 6d. net.

"Present-Day Japan." By Augusta M. Campbell Davidson. London: Unwin. 1904. 21s.

THE volumes, some good but most very bad, that have been written about Japan would in themselves alone form a good-sized library, and it would seem as if those who desired to know all that is worth knowing about the country and people had already the most ample materials at their disposal for the purpose. But, with them all, there are still people in England who, during the last six months, have been forming their ideas on the puerile and incorrect inanities of such works as "Queer Things about Japan" or on the grotesque absurdities of "The Darling of the Gods". To them the Japanese at best are still, or were till very recently, only "a people very small in stature, very quaint, very amusing and very clever at making pretty things"; and new works which treat Japan seriously, as she ought to be treated, which, even if they tell us nothing that is absolutely new, present old information intelligently condensed in readable form, without glaring inaccuracies, may therefore be cordially welcomed as fulfilling what is, at the present time above all others, a most desirable object. The two books which we are now reviewing amply satisfy our conditions, and to both, in their distinct spheres, a substantial meed of praise may be conscientiously tendered. Neither is absolutely free from inaccuracy. Mr. Watson's language at times rises to a high level of picturesqueness, but it is at others disfigured by grammatical solecisms

and by bombastic outbursts. His persistent comparison of Asakusa with Battersea Park is as incorrect as any comparison of two places could well be, but these faults do not, on the whole, very seriously impair the value and interest of what is otherwise a well-written and well-conceived book, giving a philosophic account of some of the most characteristic aspects of modern Japanese life. Mrs. Davidson's book is of quite a different type. It is practically an enlarged Murray, a guide-book to some of the most interesting places in Japan, visited by every tourist, but a guide-book that will also serve to convey to the minds of those who have not seen those places a fair idea of their general aspects. The present war, the fanatic devotion to the Emperor, which is the foundation of the self-sacrificing courage of the Japanese soldier, have aroused some interest in England as to the esoteric principles of Japanese religion. We can recommend no better source of information to those who desire enlightenment on the subject than the chapters which Mrs. Davidson has devoted to it. She tells and professes to tell nothing that is new, but she has admirably condensed what she has herself acquired from the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan and the writings of well-known English scholars into a form which will make the whole readily intelligible even to the average reader.

Mr. Watson's book is of a higher order. He spent three years in Japan and he evidently throughout his stay used to the best advantage very considerable powers of observation and logical deduction and united to them painstaking research, but the result of all is, he says, only to convince himself of his own ignorance—that Japan, as she is, is incomprehensible. He luxuriates in this ignorance throughout his book, but in very good company. There is an Englishman, who has continuously lived for over thirty years in Tokio; whose residence in that period has only been broken by two flying trips to Peking; who throughout it has not once visited a Western land or seen an English colony; who speaks Japanese as it is spoken by a native of the highest degree of cultivated scholarship; who is married to a Japanese lady; and who is universally recognised as an accomplished, graceful and learned writer on every subject connected with Japan, from history, politics, literature, religion and art down to the fascinations of the frail geisha and the customs of wrestlers and jinrikishamen. And yet, Mr. Watson states, this gentleman has on various occasions made public confession that he does not understand Japan. There is a Japanese proverb which speaks of the pride that apes humility (*hige jiman wo suru*) and while Captain Brinkley, the gentleman referred to, is one of the most modest of Irishmen, we cannot but think the proverb is in some degree applicable to him and also to his disciple Mr. Watson, by whom he is followed afar off, and that the instances quoted by the latter to justify the alleged incomprehensibility admit of easy explanation, even without the curious panacea suggested by him which is that, "You must learn to loathe your own boots. When you do so there is a hope of your understanding Japan. This is to become a Japanese—to change your nation—to be naturalised—to see with Japanese eyes—and to feel with Japanese sense". For the explanation as to how boots affect the eyes or the moral sense of feeling, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

Mr. Watson's main text is "The Spirit, the Idea of the Revolution", and it is on the apparent incongruities of its results that he bases the charge of incomprehensibility. The Revolution has given to Japan a great army and navy, cotton factories worthy of Lancashire, illuminating the surrounding districts at night with a blaze of electric light from hundreds of windows. It has enabled her to become a great exporter of yarn and other manufactures, produced by European methods and machinery; to cover the whole country, from the extreme north of Yezo to the extreme south of Kiusiu, with a network of railways, worked economically, profitably and safely, and also mainly constructed by the Japanese themselves; to display her mercantile flag in the greatest seaports of the world in vessels of the highest type of efficiency, many of them built in her own dockyards; to found a universal system of compulsory education which has provided an elementary

school for every village in the most remote and inaccessible districts, middle, high and normal schools in the great towns, and universities, whose alumni comprise well-known original investigators in medical and other sciences. It has developed a people sunk in the lowest depths of feudal abasement into one that is not only self-respecting but bold and assertive, not in international matters alone but in the exercise of all the domestic rights of a constitutionally governed nation. And yet Mr. Watson's general conclusion seems to be that the Revolution has failed. Japan still adheres to her fetish of ancestor-worship; her constitution has conspicuously failed; notwithstanding her undoubted commercial and industrial progress, her merchants remain untrustworthy and dishonest, the very best of them always ready to shuffle out of a losing bargain on any quibble, and her manufacturers absolutely unable to maintain a level standard of excellence in their products. Female education of an advanced type has not made the Japanese wife otherwise than "shy, awkward, ashamed, possibly smiling weakly, as if by order." With hospitals, as well managed as the best in London, and practitioners in every town, trained in the most advanced methods of Western science, a Japanese still attempts to cure his ailments by rubbing the corresponding part of the head or trunk of a bronze idol. Japan has a constitution, with all the paraphernalia of two Houses of Parliament, voters and elections, but the representatives have not been free from charges of corruption, the voters take little interest in the elections, "the election crowd, meeting, literature and deputations, the candidates' addresses, the stump speech, burning questions, paramount issues—these and a host more are practically unknown in Japan in the European sense or degree".

We should be the very last to claim that Japan is perfect as a member of the great comity of the nations of the civilised world of the West, but we cannot think that she is incomprehensible either in what she has adapted from the West or in what she has rejected. In both she has simply followed the line of intelligent policy sketched out for her subsequent to the Revolution by the statesmen and thinkers who laid the foundations of her present greatness. This policy was adopted not rashly but after a careful study of all that the West had to offer to her, and it has, with a few temporary and short-lived divergences, been steadfastly adhered to down to the present day. The material elements of Western civilisation and science were recognised to be far superior to her own, and it was decided that they should be adopted en bloc. The moral and social elements of Japanese civilisation, as it existed at the Revolution, were held to be, if no actual superiority was claimed for them, more adapted to the requirements of Japan than anything which the West had to offer her. The medical, engineering and military sciences of the West; its commercial and industrial methods; its parliamentary systems, by which the people are admitted into a share of the government, were all adopted with, in the last case, modifications suited to the education of a people who were making their first essays in popular politics. But their own moral principles, the foremost of which is that conscience is the main guide of humanity; their religion, which instils devotion to the memory of their progenitors; their clothing, food, housing and amusements were all more suited to their nature than those of the West, and all these have been retained, and to this day there are no signs of the abandonment of any of them by the nation at large. The army of European missionaries that has laboured for more than a quarter of a century in Japan justly claims to have obtained some success, but its converts are, at the most liberal estimate, but a drop in the whole ocean of the population, and duty both to his country and to his family can, the Japanese firmly believes, be taught without any religious code. The Court, civil officials, the employés of great banking and commercial houses, soldiers and sailors, wear European clothing while on duty, but few others; and the people at large, no longer hampered by sumptuary regulations, remain faithful to the hygienic and artistic garments of their forefathers. European buildings, many of them quite worthy of the best quarters of the greatest European capitals,

may be used for public offices, banks and the state residences of cabinet ministers and nobles, but "home" is still found in the lightly constructed Japanese house, with its pleasant gardens, which harmonises beauty, comfort, security and economy. Restaurants, where so-called European food is served, are found in every street in every great town, but vegetables and fish remain the national diet, and neither the muscular strength nor the endurance of the people seems any the worse for it. Space does not permit us to multiply details nor to apply the principle of the Revolution which we have enunciated to particular instances among Mr. Watson's inferences, but its intelligent appreciation would we are convinced serve to show that his general conclusion that the Revolution has been a failure is at least an exaggeration.

BALKAN TRUISMS.

"The Balkans from Within." By Reginald Wyon. London: Finch. 1904. 15s. net.

IF Mr. Wyon merely wishes to give us a pleasant account of travel through the Balkan states, he has achieved his purpose. The descriptions of scenery are charming, there are many delightful stories of peasant life and a host of photographs to add zest to the narrative. But the vast majority of readers will expect to be informed as to the political status in the peninsula and in this respect will be sadly disappointed, for with the exception of a few opening remarks on the general situation, Mr. Wyon is dumb. One would have expected that Macedonia, the bone of all the contention, would have been dealt with at some length. As it is, the author hurries on through Bulgaria, Montenegro and Albania and having whetted one's appetite with many interesting narratives, leaves one hungering for more solid fare.

By far the most interesting part of the book are the few chapters and general remarks on Albania. Here, Mr. Wyon sees the real danger to the execution of any reforms in Macedonia by reason of the fact that the Albanians "have sworn to oppose" any such scheme. In support of this theory, the native love of freedom is quoted, the independence of centuries and a fierce hatred of foreigners. As a matter of fact, a combination of the various Albanian elements, national and religious, is extremely improbable, and should events prove the contrary, a show of firmness would undoubtedly bring the recalcitrant tribes to reason. Hitherto, the depredations complained of by Christians have been the work of irresponsible and isolated frontier bands, whom the Porte, for very fear, has seen politic to disregard.

That Mr. Wyon has no great love for the Turks is very apparent; it is not surprising therefore that he should find little to censure in their enemies, who it would appear are the innocent objects of Mohammedan vengeance. From the best information available, as also on the authority of many witnesses, it is, however, irrefutable that in the late Macedonian disturbances provocation originated in nine cases out of twelve with the Christians, and murder was the inevitable penalty meted out by the Turks.

But to what purpose is any attempt to apportion the blame for such occurrences? It is sufficient warrant for European interference that Macedonia is in a continual state of disturbance and the scene of annual "events" (a happy euphemism invented by the Sublime Porte). With whom rests the "balance of criminality," or of what nationality or creed the sufferers, is really quite immaterial from a political point of view; indeed even from a religious standpoint it is difficult to believe that the Almighty would censure the murder of a Christian and approve the assassination of a Moslim.

But from whatever position the question be regarded, the one indisputable and salient fact remains that in the twentieth century a country exists whose Government produces disorder, endangers peace, and defies remedy, a state of affairs the effective antidote for which can alone be administered by united Europe. Bad government is undoubtedly the curse of Turkey and it is owing to the mutual jealousy of the Great Powers that the Sultan has not been forced ere now to mend his ways.

That there are great and serious difficulties in the way of united European action is fully confirmed by past experience; unfortunately the truth of the assertion is rarely appreciated except by careful students of Eastern politics. It is not surprising therefore that the Macedonian Christians and their sympathisers here should be imbued with the idea that a solution of Balkan difficulties alone rests with England.

For years past the general belief has existed that the one and only panacea for Christian misrule in Turkey is to be found in "reforms". With this end in view, the Porte is periodically bombarded with schemes of "better government", which are accepted by the Sultan with reluctance and forgotten with alacrity. But there the matter ends, until next year's disturbances, when the reform farce is again inaugurated, with precisely similar results. The question therefore arises whether the Powers concerned are really sincere in their efforts for the pacification of Macedonia, as also how far a solution of the Eastern Question depends on the introduction of reforms. That Russia seriously desires a peaceful Macedonia is almost incredible, for in such an event her "locus standi" in the Balkans ceases, and her right to interpose on behalf of Ottoman Christians, which originated in the Treaty of Kuchuk Kainarji (1775), is nullified. Consequently her natural objective, the Ægean Littoral, would become more than ever a dream. As regards Austria, it may well be that her motives are peaceful and disinterested, but the fact must never be lost sight of that Salonica is the consummation of her ambition, although internal discord has for the present distracted her attention. But, however unwilling her interference, to leave Russia a free hand in Macedonia would be political suicide; consequently, in her present Reform alliance, Austria is little more than a drag on the Russian coach and not a very effective one at that.

As to Bulgaria, awake at last to national consciousness, she dreams of a greater principality that will ultimately include the whole of Macedonia, and by Turkish misgovernment she hopes to attain her end. It is needless to add that the Sultan is averse from any reforms likely to content his Christian subjects, for his Majesty argues very logically that when "Rayahs" cease to quarrel amongst themselves, united action against Moslim rule is more than probable. Add to these conflicting elements the religious animosity that separates the various Christian denominations in the East, and what chance of success has the best laid scheme of reforms?

Necessarily we but barely outline the conditions of Balkan politics. To cast the Macedonian horoscope would tax the ingenuity of the greatest statesman. It may be that in the distant future some form of autonomy, on Cretan lines, will be a solution of the difficulty; but to imagine that reforms are an infallible panacea for Balkan troubles is to disregard past experience and to confess an ignorance of Eastern politics but too apparent in the utterances of Macedonian sympathisers.

PROPHECY.

"Old Testament Prophecy." By A. B. Davidson.
Edited by J. A. Paterson. Edinburgh: Clark.
1903. 10s. 6d. net.

THE secret of the Old Testament lies in the prophets. The re-discovery of this secret, and the fresh understanding of it, may be counted among the achievements of modern study. The history of Israel on its external side is falling into its place among the larger movements of the nations which pressed upon Palestine; the real history of Israel, as Dr. Davidson has said, is a history in which men of prophetic rank and name stand at the great turning-points of the people's life and govern its direction. To understand the prophets requires, it must be admitted, considerable effort. The prosaic mind which searches for precise dogmas and matter-of-fact fulfilments cannot appreciate the imaginative form in which the message is clothed. We have to shake off certain time-honoured conventions. The prophets do not write history beforehand, nor do they use symbolical language for New Testament things. When they speak of Zion and

Jerusalem they do not mean the Church, when they refer to Egypt and Babylon they are not using symbols for the world. Their language is fused with the passion which burned within, it constantly rises to the level of poetry, but it is to be interpreted in a natural, not an artificial, sense. For the prophets lived intensely in their own time; they moved among realities; their place was in the crisis through which the nation was passing; the forces which they handled were those of their own day; so that it becomes a matter of the first importance to recover the historical context which determined the prophetic word. But while the prophet is profoundly concerned with the conditions of the present, he is not shaken or bewildered by them, for he possesses a clue which guides him. That clue is his knowledge of the Divine character and will. Thus he is lifted above the situation of the moment, he contemplates the working out of principles which transcend the limitations of time. He sees so far because he sees so deep. Admitted to a share in the Divine counsel, he is able to announce the manner in which it will take effect. In this sense the prophets may be said to predict.

How are we to judge of the fulfilment? It is difficult to construct a theory which shall be applicable to every case. We must distinguish between the form and the content of the prophecy; the form belongs to the prophet's own day, it is concerned with his contemporaries, and it passes with their passing: the essential truth alone is based upon permanent principles, and it alone survives. To take, for instance, the promise of Israel's return to its own country which has given rise to such strange misapprehensions and to such pathetic hopes. In one form or another all the prophets announce the restoration of Israel, they all dream great moral dreams which will be realised in the final establishment of the kingdom of God. But the conditions of the world have entirely changed; the old order has given place to a new one. The main prophetic contention that the people of God will accomplish their ideal, and the kingdom of God ultimately triumph, still holds good, but the forms in which this truth is impressed belong to an order of things which has long since disappeared. And we must make allowance for this further fact. It is characteristic of Old Testament prophecy to expect the fulfilment to take place immediately. To the prophetic eye time and space are foreshortened; the child is born, the power of Assyria is broken, the Messianic reign begins; Israel is restored from exile, the glorious age dawns at once. But history does not move on these lines; and while on the one hand it corrects the perspective of the prophets, on the other it sustains and interprets the essential truth of their principles.

The prophets do not deal in abstractions. They think in the concrete, and their expectations for the great hereafter are embodied in concrete phenomena. This is due to the fact that they take a very realistic view of man, and cherish a very vivid idea of God. Hence they conceive that in order to fulfil the Divine intention man requires a physical sphere, Israel must assume an imposing rank among the nations if she is to carry out her mission; man is not raised to heaven, but God comes down to earth, to an earth transfigured so as to be fit for the Divine abode. One element, sometimes present in this ideal future, is what we are accustomed to call the Messiah, though the prophets themselves do not use the term. Various features enter into this conception and take their prominence from the special necessity of the time; the most characteristic are those of the righteous ruler and of the suffering servant of the Lord. Under the rule of the ideal David the great prophetic standards of faith and morality are to be achieved; by the sufferings of the innocent servant of the Lord Israel can be forgiven and set free to return from exile. It is to be noticed, however, that the Messiah does not take the place of Jehovah; he acts as the instrument of His saving operations, but Jehovah Himself is always present as the saviour. In the New Testament the Messiah is the saviour; the double manifestation of Jehovah and His instrument or agent coalesces into one. Reading the prophecies in the light of Christ's history, the New Testament writers saw in it a manifestation of God such as had been imagined of old; at times we seem to come upon

instances where a prophecy has influenced the actual form of their narrative. But it is not the details of prediction which lead us to apply the prophetic descriptions to Christ; He is greater than the details; for we recognise in Him the fulfilment of the prophetic ideals.

As an interpreter of Old Testament prophecy the late Professor A. B. Davidson stood eminent among modern scholars. His academic lectures on the subject have been edited in a volume which illustrates admirably the dignity and high seriousness of his conception of Old Testament religion, as well as the spiritual insight with which he used to expound it. But we doubt whether he would have published these lectures himself; he said what he wanted to say, and said it better, in the fine article on Prophecy which he wrote for Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible. The present volume suffers from repetitions and ill arrangement. Positions, some of them "formulated about half a century ago", were in advance of the times then, now they require readjustment. We can hardly speak of Moses as the founder of prophetic religion; the prophets themselves allude to him as the champion of the exodus. Dr. Davidson seems to date the rise of direct Messianic prophecy too early; we have been taught to expect a more searching criticism of the material than he felt necessary for these lectures. Many, however, will be glad to have them; and none can read them without feeling the contagion of the rare spirit whose work they are.

MEMPHIS AND CANOPUS.

"The Decrees of Memphis and Canopus." By E. A. Wallis Budge. 3 vols. London: Kegan Paul. 1904. 3s. 6d. net each.

DR. BUDGE'S power of work is astounding. Not content with organising and administering a large and important department of the British Museum, with travelling in Egypt and Babylonia, and with excavating in the Sudan, he contrives to publish book after book on subjects which demand the leisure and research of a scholar. His latest publication supplies a want that has long been felt not by scholars only but by an ever-increasing number of educated readers as well. We have all heard of the Rosetta Stone, and of the key it provided for the decipherment of the Egyptian inscriptions, but there was no single book to which we could go for the details of the discovery or even for a complete account of the Stone itself. Most visitors to Egypt—and who is not a visitor to Egypt nowadays?—had a vague idea that the Stone was inscribed with a royal decree in the languages and scripts of Egypt and Greece, and that the proper names occurring in the text first furnished the clue to the interpretation of the hieroglyphics; some of us had also heard of a controversy as to whether the clue had been first discovered by the Englishman Young or the Frenchman Champollion; but even Egyptologists could be found who were not very fully acquainted with the history of one of the most interesting of modern discoveries or with the three texts on which their science has been built.

Dr. Budge calls his book "The Decrees of Memphis and Canopus". By the Decree of Memphis he means the inscription on the Rosetta Stone which consists of a decree passed at a general council of the Egyptian priests at Memphis in the ninth year of the reign of Ptolemy V. (B.C. 196). Some twelve or fourteen lines at the beginning of the hieroglyphic text are unfortunately missing, but they can now be in great measure restored with the help of a mutilated copy of the text engraved at Philæ and another copy of the text found at Damanhûr and now in the Cairo Museum. The Decree of Canopus, a description of which occupies the third of Dr. Budge's volumes, was discovered by Lepsius and his companions at Sân or Tanis in 1866, and like the Decree of Memphis is in the hieroglyphics and demotic script of Egypt and the Greek of its Ptolemaic rulers. It is, however, considerably older in date than the Decree of Memphis as it was drawn up at Canopus in the ninth year of Ptolemy III. (B.C. 238).

Dr. Budge has added a chapter on the obelisk of Philæ discovered by Mr. Bankes which also bears a bilingual inscription in Egyptian and Greek, and is closely connected with the history of hieroglyphic decipherment, since it was upon it that Mr. Bankes, as Dr. Budge shows, and not Champollion, as the French scholar and his followers have asserted, found the hieroglyphic name of Cleopatra with the assistance of Young's alphabet. Perhaps an allusion might have been made to another document more recently discovered at Philæ by Captain Lyons which is trilingual and not bilingual, being in Egyptian hieroglyphs, in Greek and in Latin. Dr. Budge has, however, collected his material with such painstaking completeness that it may seem ungenerous even in a reviewer to complain of omissions, though in a second edition he would do well to insert Dr. Clarke's graphic account of the surrender of the Rosetta Stone by the French general Menou. Clarke's knowledge of French and the fact that he was a non-combatant made him a useful intermediary between the English and French commanders. At the beginning of the eighteenth century the antiquities of Egypt were, it would seem, sufficiently valuable in the eyes of the British authorities to make their acquisition a *sine quâ non* in the negotiations carried on with the French general; the archaeological apathy which has handed them over to French control was reserved for the beginning of the nineteenth.

Dr. Budge's treatment of the text of the old Egyptian decrees may be described as exhaustive. He has given us the hieroglyphic, demotic and Greek versions in the originals as well as in the translations, both early and recent, which have been made of them. He has analysed and indexed the Egyptian versions, has compared them with the Greek, and has explained the historical allusions contained in them. Useful illustrations have been added, and the references are numerous and exact. In one respect, moreover, his new book is an improvement on much of his previous work. He is not content in it to be merely a chronicler of the opinions of others, but has formed and given us opinions of his own. One of the most valuable parts of his book is the careful examination he has made into the rival claims of Young and Champollion to be considered the founder of Egyptology. The examination has compelled him to withdraw unreservedly the view he had adopted from others that Young's work was of little account, and no one who reads the evidence he has brought forward will remain for a moment in doubt that his change of opinion is justified. It is somewhat curious that while Englishmen have been inclined to accept the claims made on behalf of Champollion, the Frenchman Chabas more justly acknowledged the merits of Young. Young was really the pioneer of hieroglyphic decipherment; it was he, and not Champollion, who first discovered the fact that the Egyptians possessed an alphabet and who identified some of its letters, and it was he, moreover, who first distinguished them from characters used syllabically or ideographically, and pointed out that the demotic script was derived from the hieroglyphic. Even the discovery of the name of Cleopatra at Philæ, upon which the advocates of Champollion have laid so much stress, turns out to have been due to Bankes and his application of the alphabet published by Young. Hieroglyphic decipherment, in short, starts from Young; what Champollion did was to apply, correct, and extend Young's results, to throw them into philological form, and to be the first to penetrate the mysteries of the hieratic papyri. We owe to him the foundation of Egyptian philology, as well as that of the study of Egyptian history and geography; to Young we owe the first decipherment of the texts. It is possible that had Young never lived, the French scholar would have found the key to their interpretation; science, however, deals with facts and not with possibilities, and the fact that Champollion's first publication, before he was acquainted with Young's discovery, proceeded upon the old false method, raises a presumption against his doing so. Dr. Budge says truly: "The idea of a phonetic principle in the reading of the hieroglyphs, which had been but dimly comprehended by Warburton, De Guignes, Barthélemy and Zoega, was clearly grasped by

Dr. Young, and was accurately applied by him for the first time in the history of the decipherment of the Egyptian hieroglyphic. As Chabas rightly expressed it, "Cette idée fut, dans la réalité, le fiat lux de la science".

NOVELS.

"Deals." By Barry Pain. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1904. 5s.

It must be great fun to make money on the Stock Exchange, but to read about the processes is not very exhilarating. Mr. Barry Pain's book is monotonous, although he probably runs the gamut of possible methods, and seems to have mastered the slang of the subject. Harold Frederic wrote an extremely good novel which turned largely on a corner in worthless shares, and Frank Norris made deals in wheat interesting. But Mr. Pain's unlovely puppets succeed either by a fluke or by some patent knavery. Thus a vacuous young man, who is not such a fool as he looks, hears that an hotel company has its eye on his chambers. He finds this out by the merest chance: having accurate knowledge, he makes a very good bargain. Later on one of the defeated speculators volunteers to put him up to a good thing. He guesses that a desire to be quits is behind this unexpected benevolence, he investigates matters for himself—and scores again. Some of the deals are ingenious, others are obvious. But we never get any nearer the secret of speculative success. It is perhaps permissible to say that a novelist who knew it would not continue to write stories about it. Mr. Pain seems to think it mainly a matter of private information—like backing winners. He writes amusingly about a callow youth whom bitter experience convinces of the advantage of the solicitor's profession, and the last story in the book is a vigorous account of a careful revenge. But on the whole Mr. Pain brings the monotony of office life over the footlights, so to say.

"The Faith of Men: and other Stories." By Jack London. London: Heinemann. 1904. 6s.

Mr. London's best work on Klondike matters is fresh and vivid, if amateurish. It is not surprising that he should be very much under Mr. Kipling's literary influence, but the fact makes his second-best work, a good deal of which has got into the present volume, unattractive. He has begun to cast about for subjects, instead of writing spontaneously, and since he has little inventiveness his success is small. In this book, for instance, a hunter finds and kills the last mammoth. Mr. H. G. Wells might make a good deal of this: in Mr. London's hands it is little better than pork-butchery. Then there is the native wife who follows her faithless white lover to civilisation: Mr. Kipling made her a Burmese, Mr. London a Red Indian of sorts. The excellence of some of the minor accessories in Mr. London's story does not atone for the want of novelty. "The Faith of Men" is one of what Mr. Hardy calls Life's Little Ironies well told, but we are asked to believe that a sane man would allow a statement in an American newspaper to overrule his knowledge of his best friend. The most successful, because the most characteristic, story in the book is that of the man who took eggs to Klondike. It is rather gruesome, but (since Lord Dufferin's days) High Latitudes do not make for cheerfulness. There is a powerful dog-story: the epic of hate between a man and a dog, the dog (who scored in the end) being less of a brute. It is not suitable reading for sensitive nerves. Cruelty, starvation, frost and snow, dominate the book, but the author shows no advance in his treatment of such material.

"Fort Amity." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. London: Murray. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's work is always interesting, and not the least interesting aspect of it is that he has a quick eye for the romantic opportunities of our military history. The Peninsular War, the internment of French prisoners in England in Napoleon's time, the contest for Canada—how is it that such fields have been left almost fallow? "Fort Amity" is a careful piece of work which can be read with enjoyment, but

there is a certain languor in the story. It is one of its author's strongest points that he is not, like many historical novelists, so absorbed by the stirring events through which his characters move that the figures themselves become automata. Mr. Quiller-Couch's heroes are generally rather strange people: men whom you would consider remarkable if you met them at dinner. We all know what a lay figure would do if (for the purposes of the novelist) he fought at Quebec or Talavera, but we do not in the least forecast the actions of Mr. Quiller-Couch's characters. A man who would act unusually in a humdrum life in England is an interesting figure to watch when his path crosses some of the great events of history. John à Cleeve, the hero of the present novel, is an Englishman educated at Douai, who rejects Roman orders to take a commission, and finds himself in the year 1758 campaigning at Ticonderoga. He is taken prisoner by the French, but a series of lucky chances gives him the power of doing a meritorious piece of secret service. Unfortunately to accept the opportunity would be to betray the confidence of a French family to which he is bound by ties of sentiment. He cuts the difficulty by going off to live with Ojibway Indians. The author has evidently studied his documents, and these are by no means stage Indians, but we fancy he has taken a liberty with folklore in transplanting to Canada certain bear-rites which exist in Sakhalin. This, however, is a minor point: the interest of the story centres in John à Cleeve's vacillations and searchings of heart. He ends rather better than the ordinary novel-reader, who likes a hero to know his own mind, would expect. As for incident, the heroically grotesque defence of Fort Amity is admirable. Real historical figures are treated discreetly, but Richard Montgomery, afterwards commander of the American invasion of Canada, is introduced with effect.

"Brothers: the True History of a Fight against Odds." By Horace Annesley Vachell. London: Murray. 1904. 6s.

Mr. Vachell's "Brothers" are two men very differently endowed, the one with mediocre talents and a fine physique, the other with some share of genius and a more or less feeble frame. We follow them from boyhood to manhood seeing how the elder and stronger makes steady way thanks to the affectionate devotion and blind unselfishness of his cleverer brother. Mark Samphire, the hero of the story, is a well-drawn character who enlists our sympathy and admiration through all his various rôles; he wants to become a soldier but the doctors will not pass him, he enters the Church but a fatal stutter prevents him from preaching the noble sermons which he writes—and those sermons placed at the disposal of his brother carry Archibald Samphire well along the road to preferment. Mark goes in for organising work in an East End parish, always inspired by his love for a charming young woman; then when he is on the very eve of proposing a doctor's warning makes him hide from all who know him, and Betty is left to believe that he does not really care for her. Thus it is that even love goes to the physically well-endowed and when his health is permanently restored Mark finds that all through he has been sacrificing himself unworthily; all that he has had to give has been taken and no acknowledgments made. Mark leaves the Church and takes to literature where his talents can best be revealed, and where a stuttering tongue and want of physical robustness are less serious drawbacks than in other professions.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"L'Enfance de Victor Hugo." Par Gustave Simon. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1904. 3fr.50.

M. Simon has performed a delicate task with tact and discretion and has produced a book of great interest and value. He has also rendered no small service to the memory of Victor Hugo himself, the grace and simplicity of whose true character has been too often lost sight of amid the egoism and exaggerations of his later years. This volume has a particular interest in enabling us to trace the influences which acted upon the

(Continued on page 824.)

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mind of Hugo in youth, and bore fruit later in his romances and poems. His father was a hero of the Napoleonic wars, his mother was a Breton and a Vendéenne. When a mere boy he had travelled through Italy and Spain and had seen something of the struggle for independence in the latter and of the garish and artificial Court of Joseph Buonaparte both at Naples and Madrid. As M. Simon points out "he thus imbibed by a sort of contagion the delirium of those who surrounded him". When he returned to Paris in his teens he acquired a certain amount of classical knowledge and the friendship of Chateaubriand, Lamartine and Alfred de Vigny. He thus became the epitome of nineteenth-century France and was at different times Buonapartist, Royalist and Republican. Perhaps the precocity of his genius has never been surpassed. M. Simon gives some singularly interesting extracts from his first tragedy "Irtamène," written when he was fourteen. In these the gifts of versification no less than vigour of sentiment and expression are very marked. It would appear that he might have won the prize for poetry given by the Académie Française when he was fifteen had he not been imprudent enough to allude to his tender years. The judges evidently did not believe the statement and imagined that they were being mystified which is enough to excite any examiner against the supposed culprit. M. Simon treats with great delicacy of touch the idyl of these tender years which resulted in his marriage with his cousin Adèle Foucher when he was in his twenty-first year. It was this lady's influence that inspired the shorter poems published about this time which first won him fame. "Han d'Islande", the earliest of his romances, was due to the same impulse. When he was in his eighteenth year he founded, with his brother Abel, a fortnightly review, "Le Conservateur Littéraire". The account given by M. Simon is very instructive in showing that Victor Hugo might easily have attained the same eminence in literary and dramatic criticism as he did in poetry and romance. An extraordinary memory coupled with wide reading and unfailing literary sense would have made him the terror of all fictitious reputations never so easily acquired in France as in this country. But withal, though his articles were unsigned, he displayed an extraordinary self-restraint and absence of violent language rare enough in youthful criticism. When we compare the manner in which M. Simon has accomplished his task with that in which similar work is too often done in England we cannot help wondering whether Matthew Arnold was not right in deploring the absence of an academy among us to regulate and maintain our standard of taste.

"The Foundations of Modern Europe." By E. Reich. London: Bell. 1904. 5s.

Dr. Reich has published in book form his lectures on the "Foundations of Modern Europe" delivered in the University of London. His aim is to show not the body of the general facts of the great period from 1756-1871, but to get at "their soul, their meaning". We find him nearly always interesting and his views are bold and his own. His admiration of Napoleon overcomes him at times. In condemning the French for the way in which they gave up Napoleon—which he compares with their treatment of the "Saint of Domrémy"!—he declares that they were the guiltiest of all the nations who contributed to the downfall of the great man. Guiltiest! when elsewhere he says that Napoleon had done Russia, Germany and England "boundless harm", and had for fifteen years disregarded their most sacred traditions. His picture of Waterloo is rather sketchy. If we accept it as a good picture, we shall see Napoleon just as he is about to overcome the Anglo-German army, being attacked by Blücher and thus routed by the combined armies. How very often Wellington and those proud and vain English—"the pride and vanity of the English", says the author in one passage—have been all but annihilated at Waterloo! Dr. Reich does not think much of Pitt as a world statesman: he dismisses him shortly—"Pitt's greatness was in home matters and he died in 1806." We suppose he did nothing to speak of against Napoleon. Where was Wellington's greatness? In Parliament? But Dr. Reich is more interesting when we cannot agree with him than when we can. For instance, we agree with him to the point of yawning when he lays it down that "what makes a general is not the number of his tactical victories nor the number of persons and arms taken. It is only the rapidity of decisive actions that constitutes a great general". He is also only too familiar when he assures us that Napoleon conquered himself rather than Wellington or Blücher Napoleon. However, there is plenty for most people in this book that will not be familiar; on the whole it is bright and entertaining.

"History of Yorkshire County Cricket, 1833-1903." By R. S. Holmes. London: Constable. 1904. 5s.

Lord Hawke writes a quite admirable preface to this straightforward account of cricket in Yorkshire from 1833 onwards. Yorkshire has won many matches through good captaincy in her later days, and Lord Hawke's account of his system off the field is wholly new. His ideas of the proper

manner of rewarding professionals are as admirable as they are ingenuous. He keeps a mark-book, like any schoolmaster, and after each match jots down marks for good service done. Each mark is worth five shillings; and as it is Lord Hawke's conviction that "it catches that win matches" one can imagine the stimulus his system provides. The book is chiefly a compilation, and as such very interesting. We like the reproduction in facsimile of the first articles of the Club formed in 1784 when every member was to be fined three-pence "if not within sight of the wickets each morning before the Minster bell strikes five o'clock". Here is a recipe for avoiding drawn matches.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Juin. Paris. 3/7.

M. Charnes foresees that there will be no modification worth speaking of in the law for limiting military service to two years which is now before the Chamber. We may safely assume that in thus reducing the burden thrown upon them the Combes Government is gauging aright the present temperament of the French which is clearly against heroic enterprises and in favour of exacting as little from the individual as possible on behalf of the State. This point of view appears to us to be lost sight of by M. Millet who writes of "La lutte pacifique entre la France et l'Angleterre". In tracing our struggle for colonial expansion since 1815 he certainly does not give England the "beau rôle". To say that we dragged France into the Crimean War is an absurdity or that our Government was always far-seeing and Machiavellian while the French was either short-sighted or confiding or both. M. Millet forgets that if the French people were eagerly bent on making sacrifices for national expansion Governments would have carried out their wishes. It is true enough that France has produced brilliant explorers but that is not of much use unless the nation is willing to reap the fruits of their efforts at some expense to itself. We are glad that M. Millet believes in a peaceful future and the common interest of the two nations in securing it but we regret the entire absence of impartiality in his historical sketch. M. Ollivier continues his most interesting reminiscences of the Second Empire after Sadowa and clearly demonstrates that, at home as abroad, the fatal policy prevailed of waiting for something to turn up, of hesitation instead of action.

For this Week's Books see page 826.

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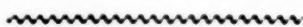
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will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on MONDAY, June 27, 1904, at one o'clock precisely, A PORTION of the valuable LIBRARY of the late T. C. Venables, Esq., past President and Antiquary to the "Sette of Odde Volumea," comprising works illustrated by Rowlandson, Cruikshank, Leech, &c.; Cannon's Historical Records of the British Army, 47 vols.; the writings of Thackeray, Dickens, Lever, and other contemporary authors; extra illustrated books, editions de luxe; The English Spy, 2 vols.; Works on Military History and Military Costume; French illustrated books; Works with coloured illustrations, including The Martial and Naval Achievements of Great Britain, Pyne's Royal Residences, Rowlandson's Loyal Volunteers, Ackermann's Microcosm: engravings, coloured caricatures, books of prints, topography, &c.

May be viewed.

Catalogues may be had.

A COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPH LETTERS AND HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS THE PROPERTY OF A WELL-KNOWN COLLECTOR.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY, WILKINSON & HODGE
will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, No. 13, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C., on WEDNESDAY, June 29, 1904, at one o'clock precisely, a collection of AUTOGRAPH LETTERS and HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS, the property of a well-known collector, comprising Autograph Letters signed of T. Gainsborough, J. M. W. Turner, Sir E. Landseer, S. T. Coleridge, B. Franklin, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Piozzi, R. Browning, Robert Burns, Lord Byron, W. Cowper, J. Keats, C. Dickens, W. M. Thackeray, John Duke of Marlborough, Sir Isaac Newton, G. Washington, &c. Sign Manuals of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, Charles II., &c.

May be viewed two days prior.

Catalogues may be had.

THE Poor Clergy Relief Corporation

ESTABLISHED 1856.

President: The Lord BISHOP of LONDON.

The Convalescent and Holiday Fund for the Poor Country Clergy.

The Committee of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation earnestly ask for Contributions to their Fund for granting Help to Country Clergymen and to those in Provincial Towns suffering from overwork and weakened health, to enable them to obtain a few weeks' rest and change. Cases are frequent where for six, eight, or ten years—sometimes even longer—a Clergyman has not had a single Sunday from his parish.

Cheques should be crossed "London and Westminster Bank," and made payable to the Secretary, Mandeville B. Phillips.

MANDEVILLE B. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

Offices of the Corporation:

38 Tavistock Place, Tavistock Square, W.C.

A. GOERZ AND COMPANY, LIMITED.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at an Extraordinary General Meeting of the Company, held at Johannesburg on the 22nd day of June, it was RESOLVED to INCREASE the CAPITAL of the COMPANY from £1,100,000 to £1,400,000 in Ordinary Shares of £1 each, and that 300,000 Shares in the increased Capital are to be issued forthwith to the Deutsche Bank, 200,000 of them, however, remaining on offer for a period of twenty-one days from the date of the Meeting to the Shareholders of the Company, each Shareholder being entitled to apply for one new Share for every complete five Shares (no fractions being considered) held by him, at the price of £2 10s. per Share.

Shareholders having Shares registered in their names at the close of business on July 5th next are entitled to apply. Those registered Shareholders desirous of exercising the right to subscribe for the new issue must apply on a form to be obtained at one of the Offices of the Company, and must send in the application (accompanied by Bankers' draft or cheque on London in favour of A. Goerz & Co., Limited, for the full price of the Shares applied for) so as to reach one of the following Offices of the Company:—

20 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

8 to 13 Behrenstrasse, Berlin, W.

26 Rue Laffitte, Paris,

or one of the following Banks:—

The Schweizerische Kreditanstalt, Zurich.

The Schweizerische Bankverein, Basle,

The Oberrheinische Bank, Basle,

not later than Wednesday, the 13th day of July, 1904, after which date no application will be entertained.

The TRANSFER BOOKS will be CLOSED from July 6th to 13th next, both days inclusive.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer desiring to apply for the Shares to which they are entitled in respect of their holdings must deposit their warrants, together with a statement in writing of their names and addresses, at one of the following Offices of the Company:—

20 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

26 Rue Laffitte, Paris,

or at one of the following Banks:—

The Schweizerische Kreditanstalt, Zurich,

The Schweizerische Bankverein, Basle,

The Oberrheinische Bank, Basle,

on or before July 7th next, the warrants remaining on deposit until the morning of July 14th next. Such holders will thereupon obtain a separate form of application, which must reach one of the Offices or Banks above-mentioned not later than July 13th next.

By Order of the Board.

HENRY CLARK, London Secretary.

20 Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

June 23rd, 1904.

830

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THE DOWNS SCHOOL, SEAFORD, SUSSEX.—

Head Mistress, Miss LUCY ROBINSON, M.A. (late Second Mistress, St. Felix School, Southwold). Special care given to individual development. Air very bracing from Downs and Sea. References: The Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge; the Principals of Bedford and Holloway Colleges, and others.

ST. MARTIN'S, BEXHILL.

MR. AUSTIN BROWN, B.A.

Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Prepares a few Boys for the Public Schools. The place and the system are particularly adapted to the needs of delicate boys.

Prospectus and references on application.

ST. PAUL'S GIRLS' SCHOOL, Brook Green,

HAMMERSMITH.—An Examination will take place on the 19th, 20th, 21st, and 22nd of July, for FIVE OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS, which exempt the holders from the payment of Tuition Fees. Names of Candidates must be registered before July 12th.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.—PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC (M.B.

LONDON).—The next Course of Lectures and Practical Classes for this Examination will begin on October 3rd.

Full particulars may be obtained on application to

The DEAN, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.—Entrance Scholarships to be

competed for in September, 1904.—Two Open Scholarships in Arts, one of the value of £100 open to candidates under 20 years of age, and one of £50 open to candidates under 25 years of age. Two Open Scholarships in Science, one of the value of £150 and another of £60, open to candidates under 25 years of age. One Open Scholarship for University Students who have completed their study of Anatomy and Physiology of the value of £50.—Full particulars may be obtained on application to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.

GLEN DEEP, LIMITED.

From the Directors' Quarterly Report to 30th April, 1904.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources 17,202'847 ozs.

Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 8'646 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
To Mining Expenses	£ 20,543 2 5	£ 14 9'288
Milling Expenses	5,424 0 2	0 2 8'546
Cyaniding Expenses	4,895 7 1	0 2 5'372
General Expenses	1,791 11 9	0 0 10'749
Head Office Expenses	1,749 16 1	0 0 10'493
Working Profit	43,409 6 6	1 1 8'455
	29,372 9 2	0 14 8'234
	£72,781 15 3	£1 16 4'690
Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account	£72,781 15 3	£1 16 4'690
Dr.		
To Interest		237 4 7
Net Profit		29,135 4 7
		£29,372 9 2
Cr.		
By Balance Working Profit brought down		£29,372 9 2

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.

The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £33 4s. 4d.

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